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COLLECTIONS

A

RUSSIAN HOME

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To Father,

with love from
Eddie.

5. May. 1922

"And ever, over the waters,

There shone out the
lighthouse gleam"

Recollections
OF A
Russian Home





[Photo by F. Schmidt, Manchester.

ADOLPH BRODSKY IN 1913.

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Recollections of a Russian Home

A Musician's Experiences

BY
Anna Skodovsky
MRS. A. BRODSKY

SECOND EDITION

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PREFACE.

WHEN, some years ago, at the earnest entreaty of friends, I most reluctantly decided to publish my small volume of Recollections I never dreamt that a second edition of it would ever be required. Since that time many kind letters about my book have reached me from different parts of England—many from people I have never seen. These kind letters have given me very great pleasure and I take this opportunity of expressing to the writers my deep gratitude for their encouragement.

Also I should like to offer my warmest thanks to my dear friends Miss Lilian Winstanley and Miss Gertrude Gregson for their kind help in connection with this book.

Hoping to make the second edition more attractive I venture to enlarge it by adding my description of our visit to Grieg, which will, I hope, interest my readers.

The proceeds of the second edition will again be devoted to the Sustentation Fund of the Royal Manchester College of Music.

ANNA BRODSKY.

Recollections of a Russian Home



Far away from here, in the South of Russia, there is a lake which is formed by a tributary of the large river Dnieper. On the shore of that lake, surrounded by very, very old willows, which are still bathing their branches in its waters, stands the house where I was born. It has been rebuilt and altered since; but in former days it was a large one-storied building, simple in architecture, with no decoration

outside, and no luxuries within; still such a dear old home it was, and most comfortable.

We never suffered in it from heat or cold, the walls were so thick and the stoves splendid.

We were a large, happy family, seldom alone, for friends were continually staying with us, and there was always something going on in the house; we did not feel ourselves cut off from the world, though there was no railway, and our nearest town, Cherson, could only be reached by driving.

The house was surrounded by flowers and trees, and there was a large orchard close at hand which extended along the banks of a small stream running out of the lake.

As I write I can see these familiar scenes rising before me; I can hear the cows and

horses, the many, many birds—home birds and wild ones—giving us concerts several times a day.

The singing of birds in the Spring, Summer and Autumn was generally my first impression when I woke, and often my last when I fell asleep; we could hear the nightingales from our bedrooms.

I have travelled much since then, but have never heard such songsters as these Russian ones. The nightingales especially were marvellous: they closed their eyes as they sang, so that it was possible to approach quite close to them, and the birds trembled all over with the passion of their notes, while the song itself was full of delicate variations.

We were several sisters, of nearly

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the same age; and though there were governesses and teachers living in the house, we were allowed the greatest freedom, and could enjoy the lovely country that surrounded us, and so we learnt to love Nature at all seasons of the year.

We cared nothing for sport, but delighted in our simple daily walks through the gardens or the fields, where we might wander for hours and see nothing but the blue sky above and the endless steppes around.

These steppes took very different aspects, according to the time of the year, and at every season they had their own beauty and blessing for us. Whether the earth was covered with a thick, white sheet of snow, glittering in the sun, and the air as still as

in the grave, or whether it was covered with grass and spring flowers, wild crocuses, tulips and irises, and the air filled with the delicious songs of the birds, we loved Nature in every mood, and felt happy.

And Autumn, how beautiful this time can be in the south of Russia!

Winter does not come suddenly: there is a gradual passage from summer to winter, when the leaves remain for a long time on the trees, changing from one bright colour to another, giving the scenery a special character of beauty. How intense these impressions of nature on my child's heart were I judge by the freshness of my recollections. Even now it seems to me at times that I am walking on the long path of our orchard, the sky a beautiful dark

blue. The smell of dry leaves covering the ground has something invigorating, quickening the energy, and making me look into the future with hope. As I am walking, absorbed in my thoughts, the distant sound of a threshing machine reaches my ear; such a familiar sound, saying so much to an inhabitant of the country, often accompanied by the farewell song of some departing birds. What precious recollections! Nothing could be more peaceful, more full of rest and beauty.

We really had all that children could wish—affectionate parents, happy playmates, useful activity among the peasant families which lived near, and besides all this, something quite special in good music. Artists frequently found hospitality in my

father's house, and stayed with us for weeks and months together. Amongst them I must mention Adolph Brodsky, then a student at the Vienna Conservatoire. He used to spend his summer holidays with us, and often brought other artists with him. He was the favourite with everyone in the house, and his coming was like a fête for both old and young.

To him we owed our musical education, for, though only a young man of about nineteen or twenty, he was already the ripe musician he is to-day, and just as enthusiastic a lover of string quartettes.

I shall never forget one summer evening, when the music room was half lighted, the windows wide open, looking into the garden, and perfect stillness outside, except for

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occasional faint sounds from the distant village. We were seated in the dark corners of the room, as still as if in church; no one moved or made a sound, we were listening breathlessly to the great Beethoven string quartette (B flat major). Adolph Brodsky had rehearsed it most carefully with my two brothers and his clever pupil the day before; it was now what we called the "concert," and he put his whole heart into the work. When they began to play the divine Cavatina, the inspiration of the first violin reached its height, every nerve in me was strained—I experienced the purest and completest joy. It was probably this evening which decided my future, though I did not then realize it. At that time I was only fifteen, and Adolph Brodsky was nothing more than a friend and

comrade, whom I very much admired for his wonderful playing.

There is one feature of Russian life which cannot be praised too highly, and that is the relation between young men and girls: they can be such excellent comrades, such close and intimate friends, without the thought of any engagement or future marriage between them. Of this kind were then my relations with A. B.

Next to his playing, I admired most of all his courage; he proved it on several occasions, but I shall mention only two.

It was late in September, when the days were already short and cool. A party of ten of us took a large boat, and went for a sail on the lake, in the happiest possible mood, singing songs and telling stories. When

it began to grow dark we decided to turn homewards, but just as the large sail was moved, the boat turned to one side, and we noticed a crack through which water was entering.

We made light of it at first; but when we saw how rapidly the bottom of the boat was filling, and that our feet were already wet, we became alarmed.

No sooner had A. B. noticed our fear, than he sprang into the water, dressed as he was, and tried to persuade us that he felt the bottom, though as a matter of fact he was out of his depth. He was a good swimmer, however, and it was not long before he found a place where he could stand. To that spot he managed to bring us one by one; four girls and an elderly

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lady. I was not as tall as the others, and had to be supported above the surface of the water.

The boat was soon overturned, and we, a group of ten shivering people, stood at some distance from it, with the water up to our chins, waiting for help. It was getting dark, and there was some danger that we might be run down by a passing boat, but we were afraid to shout, lest our voices, carried across the water, might alarm my mother. We decided to sing songs, but they sounded somewhat uncertain, as our voices were trembling with cold.

As time passed on, the singing grew fainter and fainter, and at last the poor old lady began to cry.

A. B. used all his humour and courage

to cheer her, and meanwhile, my brother, alternately swimming and wading, was making his way to the shore for help.

Nearly an hour passed before we could get into the boat which was sent to our rescue. It was no easy task to climb into it, in our woollen dresses heavy with wet.

We went home in perfect silence; the servants had come out to meet us with candles and lanterns, and when the light fell upon us, we looked a sad enough procession.

As soon as we had changed our clothes, however, our cheerfulness returned; we danced till we were quite warm, and then we listened to a fiery rendering of the Kreutzer Sonata, by A. B. and a fine pianist, which made us forget all the troubles of the day, and left us with only a feeling of pleasant excitement.

This was an occasion when his presence of mind was tested by water: on another occasion it was tested by fire. Late one dark night, when some of us had gone to bed, we were startled by a cry of "fire!" The next moment we were all out in the yard, and a dreadful spectacle was before us; the house of our priest, the first in the village, and not many yards from our own, was one mass of flames, the roof was blazing, and long tongues of fire licked the walls.

A. B. was one of the first to rush towards it; as we approached, we beheld a scene which remains indelibly stamped upon my memory. Books and pillows and all kinds of things which had been flying through the windows were strewing the ground, and our priest, Father Nicolas, carrying a sacred

relic in his hands, was marching round and round the house, quite distracted, and half chanting, half praying, in a most pathetic voice: "Merciful God! Merciful God! Merciful God, help us!" Groups of peasants, men and women, stood wringing their hands in helpless despair. These Russian peasants, so stoical in all else, who die with the most noble and grave composure, were like a flock of frightened sheep before the fire. The horror of the whole scene was increased by the screaming of the terrified animals, which could feel and smell the fire, but were still pent up in their outhouses. Veritable whirlwinds of sparks flew into a sky of utter blackness.

A cool head and energetic hands were absolutely needed, and A. B. put his whole

heart into the work. My brother told the peasants that their dear priest would lose everything, unless they roused themselves at once, and did their utmost to help. He and A. B. sent men in all directions for pails, made a chain of people to the lake, and had the water passed from hand to hand, until the pump, which was unfortunately out of order, could be got ready. In this way they saved a great portion of the priest's furniture, and also the animals belonging to his farm; what was still more important, the fire was prevented from spreading, for since the houses of Russian peasants are thatched with straw, such a fire often destroys a whole village.

This fire was specially dangerous, for the

house burnt like tinder; it was made inflammable by large stores of dried bread, which had been accumulated in the attics and under the roof. Russian priests receive no stipends from the Government, and live mostly on offerings from the people; these offerings, especially from poor peasants who take part in the annual processions, are very frequently in the form of bread, and great stores had been accumulated in the house of Father Nicolas. It was owing to this highly inflammable material that the house burnt so fast.

Most of us left when the chief danger was over, but my brother and A. B. did not return till towards morning, when they came back exhausted and smoke-begrimed, with their clothes completely destroyed, but very happy.

One of the most interesting things on our estate was a holy image. This eikon had a remarkable history. An old woman was once praying fervently in her own house before a faded picture of the Virgin, when she imagined that the picture became quite fresh and new. She was greatly stirred by this miracle, and reported it to the priest; her statement was supported by the evidence of her neighbours; it was generally believed that the change had taken place, and the whole matter was told to the Archbishop. Many people in our village came to the image for help, and the news gradually spread through the whole district, and finally throughout the south of Russia. The Archbishop decided that the image was far too precious to remain in a

village, and decreed that it should be placed in the Cathedral of Odessa during the greater part of the year. In the Spring it was taken by steamer to Nicolaieff and Cherson, and from Cherson a great procession began. It was carried through our estates to the church of the village where the miracle had occurred. This procession became famous through the whole of south and middle Russia, and people came on foot from immense distances to take part in it. It still seems to me as if I could see the great cloud of dust which heralded this procession, and then the figures of the peasants, bareheaded and barefooted, carrying staves in their hands, srips and water-gourds on their backs, dusty and foot-sore from the way, men and women murmur-

ing prayers, and the chorus chanting behind. They were accompanied by the district police, who rode bareheaded, bearing their insignia of office, and by several priests in their robes, on foot, swinging golden censers. Sacred banners were carried, and in front the image was borne under a baldaquin, plainly visible, in a wooden frame. Thousands of people were tramping together in this way, and from time to time the whole procession stopped, when the pilgrims knelt down in the dust, and prayed with a zeal and fervour almost incredible. The procession generally made a halt before our house, to bring blessings upon it. Another halt was made by our old church, where food was sold to the pilgrims—cakes of bread and rolls, apples, salted cucumbers, and so on, but nothing that was not very plain.

At these halting places sick people were brought to the image, to pray before it; those who were very weak were lifted up that they might kiss it, and many cures were believed to take place. All our family who were strong enough to walk, walked with the procession; those who could not do this followed in vehicles. When the place of destination was reached, the image was put in a church, and many of its chief devotees remained all evening and part of the night praying before it. The next day it was carried back in the same way. To take part in this yearly procession was for the elder members of our family an act of devotion; to the younger ones something like a picnic.

But this kind of picnic was very tiring, and not by any means so enjoyable as our

real picnics. On these, as on so many other occasions, A. B. was the life and soul of the party. A cart was loaded first thing in the morning with the huge samovar, and all kinds of provisions; baskets of bread and cake, boxes of wine, and sometimes a whole dinner in pots and frying-pans; several servants accompanied the cart. There were always carriages at our disposal, but we young people did not find them sufficiently amusing; we asked our father to order a large haycart; it was drawn by two grey oxen, and filled to the top with fragrant hay. On this we all sat, and A. B., who was full of fun, would stand up on the hay, make us all sing, and conduct our chorus. This drive in the cart was the best part of the whole, and A. B.'s merriment was

literally inexhaustible; sometimes he would bring out his violin, and play all kinds of fantastic music, imitating the crowing of a cock, or the singing of an old nun with a worn-out voice, or a man singing on his way home after a good supper, etc. When we arrived at our destination, usually one of our large gardens, we all set to work to build a bonfire in order to finish the cooking of the dinner; the meal was then spread upon the grass, amid the flowers, and we partook of it, while the birds were singing around. We returned in the same way in the slow-moving cart, tired, and not too lively, but very happy: there was usually glorious moon- or starlight, and we could hear the voices of the night birds.

One of our favourite excursions was to

the fisheries on the Dnieper. This took nearly a whole day, for it was several hours' journey. We started in a roomy boat, filled with hay and cushions, crossed our lake, and then went down a small river to the vast and beautiful Dnieper. We took no food with us, for the fishermen always prepared for our arrival. When we had crossed the lake, we usually found the little river almost choked up with the broad leaves and flowers of water-lilies; our progress was difficult, and everyone had to help in the rowing. At length we reached the majestic Dnieper, so wide, it would take in some places a quarter of an hour to cross, deep and clear and calm; it was so lonely, that for miles we could float along, seeing nothing but a few fishermen's cottages on the banks. Some-

times along the shores were willows, drooping their boughs in the water, and there were acres of reeds; these reeds were a country in themselves, filled with a numerous population of birds, whose songs were very delightful. Sometimes we in the boat also sang, sometimes we remained silent, looking at the scene—so monotonous, but to our eyes so beautiful: water, willow-covered islands, reeds, fishermen's cottages, and slow-moving water, with forget-me-nots by the banks. From a long distance we could see our fisherman-host standing at his door to welcome us, and he greeted us with the greatest kindness. These fishermen were a remarkable class, living alone with nature,—simple, grave, and poetic. They were always, it seemed to me, neater than the peasants; they wore clean,

white shirts, and their houses looked neat, and were whitewashed. When we landed, we were met by a strong smell of dried fish, mixed with the scent of the flowers on the banks. Our coming had already been prepared for; a large fire was built outside the house, and over it hung an immense kettle, in which bubbled a fish soup. This soup was made in a very special way; a great quantity of different kinds of fish, large and small, was mixed with herbs and onions and garlic, and boiled for hours in water. It was very delicious.

In the same yard where the poultry were strutting about, the samovar was also prepared with a wood fire inside it.

The host and hostess received us with stateliness and courtesy, and welcomed us

into their little house; as soon as we entered, we could tell from the smell that they had whitewashed it specially for our reception, while the clay flooring was generally covered with freshly-cut grass or reeds. We sat down on the benches, which were ranged round the walls, and tried to show, by our gravity and politeness, that we were greatly honoured in being received there as their guests. Meanwhile we looked round at the quaint, simple furniture of the room. The walls were ornamented with pictures, with the Czar's portrait, framed, and mirrors which distorted our features in the most curious manner. One corner of the room was filled with eikons, and a little oil lamp, hanging from the ceiling, was burning before them.

For some time we carried on a conversation, usually about the weather, and the

prospects of fishing; then the tables were moved up to our benches, and the host and hostess brought in plates full of their delicious soup, with the fish remaining in it; they gave us red, wooden spoons, with which we ate. The rye bread was home-made, fresh, and had a sour smell, but tasted very good. Our host and hostess urged us to take more soup, and apologised for having nothing else. All the time we ate we talked with them. These fishers will sometimes remain for years together in one spot (the Dnieper is, indeed, extraordinarily rich in fish). We admired the peace and beauty of the prospect, and they agreed with us that it was indeed beautiful, but lamented that there were so many mosquitoes; these creatures were a dreadful scourge, and gave them no rest; it

was necessary to smoke the house inside and out. After the soup was cleared away, tea was served, and then we took leave of our kind hosts, shaking hands with them, and thanking them.

We returned home, bearing with us the strongest possible impression of peace and calm. Our journey back was very slow, as we had to row against the current, and some of us fell asleep, and were only wakened, on approaching the house, by the first crowing of the cocks.

Autumn, too, was a very important time in our village. It was the season for marriages: partly because the peasants were too busy in the summer to have time for festivals of this kind, and partly because autumn made it clear what the year had

brought them, and therefore whether they could afford to marry or not.

The village was full of songs and happiness. They did not leave us apart from this enjoyment. It was the custom for the bride, attended by her bridesmaids, to visit our house on the eve of the ceremony, and invite us to be present. She was, as a rule, very simply attired, and wore her hair loose, on it was a wreath of bright flowers, to the wreath were attached many-coloured ribbons, which fell down to her waist.

The bridesmaids carried bridal loaves made of plain bread, but ornamented with points like a diadem, and also adorned with ribbons. The bride bowed down before us, so low that her ribbons swept the ground, and then one of the bridesmaids gave her a

loaf which she presented to the person she addressed and entreated him or her to be present at the ceremony. A suitable reply was made and every happiness was wished to her.

The bride then went round to every member of the family and repeated the same ceremony before each one: she bowed to the ground, stood up and kissed the person to whom she had bowed, whether man or woman, upon the lips; the bridesmaid gave her a loaf which she presented and then went on to the next.

After the ceremony the bride and bridegroom came together, bringing once more the bridal loaves, and this time they invited us to be present at the feast. It was on this occasion that we gave them presents. We

sometimes attended the feasts and partook of a special beverage, "varenoye," which consisted of wine mixed with honey and flavoured with spices.

We also had an autumn festival of our own, this was our mother's name-day (August 28th, by the English calendar).

This occasion was known to all our friends, and many arrived in order to be present. There were the owners of neighbouring estates, whose families had been friendly with ours for generations; there were my brothers' friends—artists, musicians, doctors, university professors, lawyers, and men of science; the only element inadequately represented was the military one, for we were all of us opposed to the idea of war, and disliked any connection with the army. The

house was filled, and not only the house, but all the cottages which belonged to it; we had not a sufficient supply of ordinary beds, and were compelled to use little folding beds. A. B. was generally present on these occasions, and would train us to sing mixed choruses for the morning church service; his enthusiasm as a musician sometimes carried him away, and made him conduct so vigorously in the church, that Father Nicolas would feel uneasy, and make signs through the altar door that he must control himself, and employ milder gestures.

Besides those guests who came from a distance there were also visitors arriving on the day itself. After we returned from church our priests came bringing for my mother the Consecrated Loaf. This was

a loaf out of which had been cut small triangular pieces of bread to put into the Cup of Wine at Holy Communion.

Then the nuns arrived from the convent situated on the opposite shore of the lake, bringing presents for my mother; these presents were always of their own work and consisted of beautiful embroideries made in gold thread on silk and velvet; they were offered with many congratulations. Numerous carriages brought acquaintances from Cherson, and during the whole morning there was one continual stream of guests. We sat down 40 or 50 to dinner and sometimes more. It was impossible to accommodate all our friends in the house, and if the weather at all permitted we had tables spread by the lake or under the trees.

The young people generally sat outside and the elder ones in the house. Before sitting down the guests went to a special table where appetising dishes were spread: caviar, sardines, pickled mushrooms, pickled herrings, different vodkas, etc. They partook of these standing and then went to their seats at the large tables. The chief ceremony of the day consisted in eating the *piròg* or name-day dish, this was a sort of large pie, its interior filled with chicken and rice, or sturgeon, mushrooms, and rice, delicately flavoured. It was served on small plates at the same time as the soup and eaten with it. Many toasts were given during this meal, and the guests filed in long procession to my mother, kissing her hand and clinking glasses with her. This

elaborate dinner generally lasted till well on in the day; as soon as it grew dark the front garden was illuminated with coloured lanterns and we had fireworks. When this was over we always had a real concert organised by A. B., and all the guests gathered round to listen.

Several times every year my father gave public dinners to the people of the village. Two of these festivals were of special importance, one being held on the Commemoration day of my father's mother, whose memory he held in the greatest veneration, and the other being given on the day of the annual procession through our village, which I have already described. No one was invited, but everyone, without distinction of sex or age, could come, and

was welcome. Besides the peasants of our village and their families, poor strangers, and even beggars, found their way to the feast. The dinner was cooked in huge kettles in the open air, near our own kitchen, and consisted of a mutton soup, boiled, home-made macaroni, small pies, stuffed with cabbage or liver, boiled fish, and a kind of pudding made out of macaroni, honey, raisins, and dried prunes. The bread, white and brown, was baked to order by some of the women in the village. The dinner was served in large bowls, placed on long planks, which lay on the ground in our yard, and were covered with a long piece of linen. The people sat on the grass, everyone had a piece of white and of brown bread, and a pie, and each person was

provided with a spoon, with which he ate from the common bowls. Each of the men received a small glass of vodka. Men, women, and children sat side by side. When a whole party had finished, they rose, crossed themselves, and went away, giving place to another party; and so it went on until all the provisions were exhausted.

Hundreds of people were thus entertained. The planks which served as tables were usually placed in rows, but on Procession Day they were arranged so as to form crosses.

Winter sports were of a very different type from the summer ones. My father was not fond of hunting, but to give pleasure to his friends he organised wolf-hunts, and for these also many guests arrived. It was

necessary to enlist the services of large numbers of peasants to form a cordon round the places, covered with reeds, where the wolves were hidden during the day, and drive them to the guns.

I was never myself present at these hunts, and always disliked to hear of them, so they are not events concerning which I remember much; the hunters used to come home very tired, and elaborate meals were prepared for them. These hunts were, however, quite necessary, for there were a great number of wolves in the neighbourhood 30 years ago. They have disappeared since. Once, when my father was driving to Cherson, three of them pursued his sledge; they followed him very closely, and he fired repeatedly with his pistols, before he could frighten them away.

These recollections are not very pleasant, and I much prefer to remember our sledging parties.

No one but a Russian can fully appreciate the delight of these.

We rode in a comfortable sledge, completely clothed in furs, fur coats and fur boots, furs above our ears, a fur cap, and a fur rug over our knees. Three horses were harnessed to the sledge, the middle one with a musical bell. We flew at marvellous speed over the steppes, fragments of snow were dashed in our faces, and endless stretches of snow were glittering and dazzling in the sun; the snow was absolutely virgin, and our sledge track was the first on its surface; the keen air cut our faces, but it was fresh and crystal-clear, and intoxicated

like champagne. We returned home, glowing with health, and with the keenest appetite. In summer the steppes were full of life, but in winter their stillness was almost incredible; there was not a sound to be heard but the cawing of the crows, whose black coats contrasted strongly with the endless white. This terrible stillness, however, did not weigh upon our ears, because our parties were nearly always made up of three sledges, and we had endless jokes and merriment.

Sometimes we drove across the lake, and then for miles along the Dnieper; it was frozen for many feet down, and the ice was very beautiful, bluish, and transparent. It cracked loudly beneath our sledges as we flew along; but, except for this cracking, all

was absolutely still. Sometimes we went on the Dnieper as far as Cherson. This beautiful ice afforded us pleasure, not merely for a day, or a week; such winter weather lasted for months, and we could enjoy our skating every day. If ever there was a happy youth, it was ours. I cannot hope to describe the wonderful freedom of the steppes; the memory of it stirs my heart till I could weep.

The sledge horses were trained in a peculiar way. My father had on his estate great herds of wild horses, and was fond of breaking them in himself. They were very beautiful creatures and full of spirit; we could understand his love for them, but his daring made us very anxious. It was indeed a terrible sight to see three of these wild

creatures forced to draw the sledge for the first time; it took three or four men to compel them into the harness, then, at a sign from my father, the men would let go and the sledge would fly onward like a whirlwind. My father was so remarkably skilful that he nearly always drove with safety, but once he was thrown out and badly injured.

Our life contained excitements of this kind, but it also contained many happier distractions.

Our father brought us up very plainly, he said that we could not know what might be in store for us, and we must not become used to luxury; he would not give us any jewellery, not even watches until we were sixteen, our dresses were of the plainest and our shoes made by the peasants, but when

it was a case of giving us pleasure he spared no expense. A ball with us was really a wonderful festival. Preparations began long before, peasant hunters were sent out to bring in game-bustards, wild ducks by the score, and quantities of fish. Cooks were working for days. The whole house was turned upside down in order that the rooms might be prepared for dancing, and an orchestra was hired from Cherson. Friends and acquaintances came from Cherson and from all the country round. It is impossible to describe our delight. The ball began about seven in the evening and lasted well on into the morning. There were plentiful refreshments, and before we dispersed in the morning the samovar was brought and we all had tea. If our friend A. B. hap-

pened to be present, as he sometimes was, he played a very important part; he was an enthusiastic and untiring dancer, and (a trait very pleasing to his host and hostess) he had the habit of always choosing out the plainest ladies who stood neglected by the wall to be his partners. These great balls, however, were rare festivals and did not occur more than once or twice in the year.

There were many smaller entertainments arranged for our people. One which always proved very amusing was the lottery. Long tables were arranged in our great drawing-room, covered with all kinds of gifts, most of them of a useful character: hams, cheese, gingerbread, Russian sweetmeats, chocolate, writing paper, inkstands, etc. I remember once a small sucking pig was brought in, with

a red ribbon tied round his neck. These lotteries were for the benefit of the well-to-do families on our estate—the priest and the deacon, who had both many children, and the stewards and estate keepers. Lots were drawn, and the things distributed, amid shouts of laughter and endless fun.

Only those who have experienced a long and severe winter quite know the delight of the first signs of the approach of spring; to find and bring home the first wild crocuses, so sweet-scented in Russia; to see and announce the return of the first starling, or the flight from the south of storks and cranes and other birds, was a source of great excitement and joy. It was delightful to see how the snow gradually melted away and the steppes grew more and more lively with

the singing of the birds. With the delightfulness of spring there is inextricably associated in my mind the most important feast of the year—the great Easter Festival. This feast was unique, by reason of the long preparation that had to be given. Seven weeks beforehand we began to fast, and our fasting was very arduous. During the first week we were forbidden not only meat and fish, but also butter, eggs, and milk; such vegetables as we took could only be prepared in oil, and we took our tea without cow's milk; instead, we had in it a kind of milk made from almonds. The next five weeks were not so strict, since we were allowed fish, but the last week before Easter was the strictest of all; on Wednesday and Good Friday we had no food at all until

evening. The great pleasure of these seven weeks of Lent lay in the church services. The Greek Church has the most beautiful and pathetic melodies for this Lent season, especially for the last week. At the end of the last week before Easter came Holy Communion, for which we prepared in the most careful way. For days beforehand we had to keep the strictest watch upon ourselves, to speak as little as possible, to refrain from any unkind word, from any impure or ignoble thought. Then we confessed to the priest, received his blessing and prayer, and partook of the sacrament. This Communion was followed by a feeling of the most ecstatic delight: our minds seemed so pure, so free from any trouble or care, that we felt ourselves lifted above the earth, and prepared

for anything, even for death. It was in this exalted mood that we awaited Easter Sunday.

On the night before no one dreamt of going to bed. A very long table, the Easter Table, was prepared and decorated with flowers and candles in the drawing-room, and covered with a variety of cold dishes, special Easter cakes, some of them standing very high and beautifully decorated on the top with candied fruits and small sugar lambs: all these Easter cakes were made with a richness and delicacy that required the most careful skill. There were also baskets of Easter eggs, dyed in different colours, crimson being our favourite. An Easter lamb and an Easter pig were roasted whole and dressed with coloured paper and ribbons to make them gay. Everyone had a new

dress for the occasion; these dresses were mostly very simple, but it was essential that they should never have been worn before, and we young people usually had white.

At eleven o'clock the bells began to ring in our old church and in the convent. On this night no one remained at home, believers and unbelievers, old and young, all went to church. Several carriages were filled with the members of our family and with guests.

From a long distance we could see the different lights round the church, bonfires, torches, and tar barrels.

There were many conveyances in which poor people had come; they carried their Easter eggs and cakes to the church court to be sprinkled with holy water. We also

had sent some of our eggs and cakes, and one of our servants sat with a basketful near the church waiting for the priest to sprinkle them.

We made our way to the church through a crowd of people and took our places in a spot reserved for us by the altar.

In the centre of the church was a baldachin covering an image of the dead body of Christ; the image had been brought and placed there on Good Friday with the saddest music, exactly as dead bodies are brought, and left there ever since.

The church was half-lighted and the service consisted of a monotonous reading, and we, tired with our wakefulness and fasting, began to feel weary; some of the children went to sleep upon the floor.

At twelve o'clock the altar door was opened, and the clergy appeared, clothed in white and gold. They went to the centre of the church, lifted and carried away the image into the altar. Then they went outside, and made a procession round the church; the congregation followed them, and the church, meanwhile, remained empty and still. While the congregation was outside, the candles were lit, and the front door closed. After having gone three times round the church, the procession stopped at the closed door, and the priest sang "Christ is risen from the dead. He conquered death by His own death, and gave life to those confined in their graves." The door was now opened, the chorus took the song up, and in the most jubilant music repeated

“Christ is risen from the dead, He has conquered death by His own death.”

The priest, on his entrance into the church, took his stand by the altar, and facing the congregation, addressed them with “Christ is risen,” to which all present answered, “Yes! truly He is risen.” “Christ is risen,” repeated the priest. “Yes! truly He is risen”; and for the third time he spoke, and again they replied: it sounded like the rolling of a huge wave.

The church service followed, with the jubilant melodies peculiar to Easter.

The happiness grew more and more ecstatic, and at the end the priest, stepping forward, with a golden cross in his hand, blessed and kissed those approaching him, saying to each one “Christ is risen.” Each

one answered "Yes! truly He is risen"; and we all began to kiss each other, with the same address and reply, the nobles kissing poor people, peasants, and beggars.

There was no longer any distinction of rank or sex, and everyone seemed irradiated with joy.

Whatever changes may have taken place in my faith, I can never remember these moments otherwise than as great moments. I felt the passionate faith all these people had in their Redeemer, and I experienced a deep emotion as I saw the peasants—men and women—kissing my father and my mother on the lips.

When the service was over, we returned home through a crowd who were all hastening away with their eggs and cakes.

The house was brilliantly lighted for our return, and the servants were there waiting to greet us. They kissed my father and mother, and each one of us. To everyone they said "Christ is risen," and everyone of us kissed them back, replying "Yes! truly He is risen."

Then we went to the Easter table. The cake, which had been sprinkled with holy water, and which we called the "holy cake," was cut in slices, and everyone partook first of this and of the "holy eggs," then of as much more food as they desired. Tea was served, and we stayed for some time together, and then went to bed.

The next day we got up late, being very tired; the Easter table remained as we left it, with all the food on it, and stayed in that

way for three days or more; such visitors as called to wish us a Happy Easter partook of it. This was the prosaic side of the beautiful feast, and need not be dwelt upon.

The merriment still continued, though in different forms; swings were put up at some distance from the house, and the peasants, who were very fond of this kind of amusement, used to swing there for hours.

We thus enjoyed life in the country the whole year through until I was 15 years of age. All this time our education was in the hands of tutors and governesses living in the house. Then the time came when it was decided that we should live in town in order to attend the High School. This would only allow our return to our delightful country home in the holidays and for our

summer vacation which lasted three months. Our stay in town gave us an opportunity of seeing something of life and society.

In the High School we met with the most different ranks. At the same desk as myself there were two girls, one the daughter of the chief official in the town, the governor, and the other the daughter of a carpenter; the latter was a bright intelligent child whom I soon learned to love and admire. Behind us was the daughter of a rich merchant, and next to her a curly-headed little Jewess, who came from the family of a poor money-changer; the Jewess was especially clever in mathematics, and helped us when we found our problems too difficult.

Christian and Jew, rich and poor, the children of nobles and of the working

classes, we were all on terms of equality, dressed in the same fashion—plain brown dresses and black aprons.

Mingled as we were in this fashion we brought the most different experiences to a common stock, and taught each other a great deal. The school was a splendid place for teaching us to estimate human beings at their own inherent worth, and it was here that I conquered my inborn prejudice against the Jewish race.

When we had taken our leaving certificates from the High School we returned home, and then began the busiest period of my life.

I have never felt so passionately eager for knowledge as then.

Without assistance or any definite plan of study I devoured volume after volume from

my father's library, reading mostly on scientific subjects—chemistry, physics, anatomy, and political economy.

Much of my reading was really beyond my strength; I wish now that I had not attempted so many different subjects, but had limited myself more and gone to the heart of those I did choose.

In addition to my own reading and study I was very anxious to organise a school for the peasant children of the village.

My father had been a serf-owner, and though serfdom was abolished in 1861 I felt an obligation lay upon us who were the first generation after it.

I cannot say that I suffered any remorse on my father's account. He was a man of exceedingly generous temperament and his

ideas were very advanced. He never took advantage of his position as serf-owner; his servants were well fed, well kept, and well treated; there was an admirably organised hospital in the village, with a doctor continually at their service. My father never used his right of interference with the private life of his peasants, and would not permit any person who was sick, especially a woman, to be engaged in hard work.

The result of this kind treatment was that we had not a single case of revolt or anything approaching it, though there were revolts in other parts of Russia, which concluded at times with the death of the proprietor.

After the Proclamation of Freedom some of my father's serfs who were employed as

domestic servants remained with us for years afterwards. The faithfulness of several of them was touching. A coachman who later on passed to the service of my brother, grew so old, that he was not able to do the coachman's work. He would have been permitted to retire and live in a small cottage, in a village on the estate; but he would not leave our family. He asked to be employed as watchman, and so he was. Once when my brother's family left their town house for some time to go to the estate, old Vassili was left behind to take care of the house. He was very pleased with his important rôle, and fulfilled it gladly. One day when my brother wanted to give a message to Vassili, he called him to the telephone; he did so, again and again, but without

result. Knowing the dutifulness of his old servant, my brother felt uneasy; he immediately sent a man on horseback to his house in town. The man arrived, and found old Vassili lying dead on the floor, by the telephone. The dear, faithful servant had tried to do his duty to the very last moment of his life, and died at his post. All the family were deeply stirred by the loss of the faithful friend, and all attended his funeral. But I have digressed. I am speaking of recent events, and must return again to long-passed days.

However well serfs are treated, the principle of serfdom is wrong and degrading for both sides, and the idea that my beloved father's name should be in any way connected with it was always painful to me; I

had the feeling that we ought to atone for the past in any way possible, however small. I decided to use my private savings to procure the necessary equipment for a school, and obtained permission to use a little cottage which stood empty not far from the kitchen.

In feverish excitement everything was bought and prepared, and the little rooms transformed into schoolrooms. The last night before beginning I could not close my eyes a single moment. I was up very early, and went to our church, walking more than a mile through the village, but scarcely able to feel the ground under my feet.

The church was a small, wooden building, very old, built by the Cossacks more than a hundred years before. It was situated close to the lake, and surrounded by old trees, a

favourite haunt of birds, whose songs often accompanied the chanting.

When I entered the church it was quite empty: the sunlight played on the golden images and on the floor. I went to my favourite spot before the picture of Christ, and prayed fervently, trying not to look at a painting below, which represented the bodies of sinners devoured by tongues of fire.

Meanwhile, the children, boys and girls, from eight to fifteen years old, came in slowly, and formed a group of twenty-two in the middle of the church.

Then from one of the doors of the altar there issued our dear old priest—Father Nicolas—followed by the still older sexton—Adrian, with his peculiar short pigtail of hair.

The brief service began. We asked God to assist us in the work we were undertaking, and there followed an address from Father Nicolas to the children : his words were very few and simple, but produced a great impression, for they had a warmth and sincerity such as only he could give.

I may say that Father Nicolas was a very remarkable man. He was a Jew by birth, but had been so interested in the Greek religion that, after the necessary preliminaries, he was baptised. At the age of twenty he entered the military service, and rose to the rank of officer, but changed his vocation for that of priest. He devoted the rest of his life to the Church.

He was a very dear friend of mine, and his warm words made the children and

myself feel as if we belonged to each other.

After the service and the blessing, we proceeded to our new school. Not a single child could either read or write. The first lesson, in which I taught them the sounds of the alphabet, was one of the happiest hours of my life. I wish I could paint their dear little faces; I see them before me as if it were only yesterday, and not many years ago. They looked so intelligent and eager, they behaved perfectly, and some of them had really exceptional capacity; and yet they were only the children of peasants, freed from serfdom hardly more than ten years, who had lived for generations in perfect darkness and ignorance, as untouched as the virgin soil on which they were born.

Except for the Bible Class, which my

younger sister took, all the subjects—reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography fell to my share. The classes began early each morning, and continued till dinner-time, when the children returned home to help their families. They grew so fond of this school that they generally came before the time, and would often insist on staying longer than the hour arranged.

The success of the little school was soon known in the village and neighbourhood, and many more children came asking to be admitted. My dear sister Olga then arranged another class, similar to mine, and held in the next room, for twenty more pupils. We worked in this way for several years. Russian peasant children can only remain at school a very short time, some

two or three years, for they are badly needed at home. When they left us, however, they were sufficiently advanced to acquire further knowledge by reading for themselves. For this purpose my sister Olga arranged a very good library, comprising not only all the best works of Russian literature, but also translations from English, French, and German, skilfully abbreviated and adapted to the use of such readers.

This library was much appreciated by the people of the village. A crowd of children would wait at the school door on the afternoons when books were distributed. The older generation were soon equally interested, and, as many of them could not read, they got their children to read for them.

It was amazing to see the excellent taste

of these uncultivated people. Their chief demand was always for the best books. My sister had to procure several copies of Shakespeare's "King Lear," of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," and of the best works of Tolstoy, they were asked for so repeatedly.

It was also my sister Olga who later on organised Sunday lectures in literature, history, and science: the lectures were illustrated by the magic lantern, and attracted people of all ages: the schoolrooms were crammed with the most eager and attentive listeners.

These happy, quiet years of work in the dear old home were interrupted by our first serious misfortune. Death took from us quite suddenly our dear father—the heart

and soul of the family. He had an apoplectic stroke, and passed away painlessly. After his loss, home could not be, and never was, quite the same again. Our first thoughts and plans for leaving Russia and going abroad dated from that sad time.

Some ten years before, in the sixties, there had been a movement for independence and higher education among Russian women. Not being able to obtain it in their own country, they went abroad, and crowded the universities of Switzerland. Some of them really distinguished themselves, and proved how justifiable their endeavours for knowledge were. We knew women doctors who had graduated in some foreign university, and then returned to work among the poorest of the population.

Some ten years later, Russian women began to attend the University of Paris. They met with great difficulties. It was not so much the professors who opposed them as the men students; the latter resented the attendance of women at lectures, more especially in the medical department: they continually made demonstrations, hissing the women on their entrance, and applauding them when leaving the lecture room. But the women endured these and many other similar signs of disapproval. They worked seriously, and at length conquered the prejudices against them.

Like many others, my sister Olga and myself were seized with a strong desire for study, and wished to go to Paris. It was not that we thought of any special applica-

tion of our knowledge, but we wished to widen our ideas, and know something more of the world we lived in. My mother, naturally enough, was not easily reconciled to the thought of two young girls going to Paris by themselves. After some time, however, we succeeded in persuading her that we could not be happy in any other way, and so we went.

I should explain that, after my father's death, we suffered not only in our affections, but also from a quite material point of view. As long as it remained undivided, my father's fortune was large; but after his death, it had to be divided among my mother and her seven children—the three grown-up sons inheriting the estate.

Time was needed to get our affairs in

order, but my sister Olga and I were too impatient to delay; we started with a very small supply of money. We had to perform our long journey across Europe in the very cheapest trains, and third-class carriages in those days were little better than cattle trucks, and when we reached Paris, we had to live very simply: we knew the meaning of poverty, even of privation. We were so eager, that we stayed till our money was completely exhausted; and I remember one return journey, when we had to go cruelly thirsty, because we could not even pay for water to drink.

We found rooms and settled in the famous Quartier Latin, where all the students live.

A month after our arrival we were already plunged in chemistry, in qualitative analyses

of earths, stones, minerals, etc., spending whole days in the laboratory except for the time necessary for lectures and meals; the latter we took very hastily in some restaurant near at hand. We followed several courses of lectures in natural science.

There is no place in the world like Paris for facilities of study: the Sorbonne, the Collège de France, the Jardin des Plantes, all these and other Institutions give ample opportunities to people of every age and class. Many lectures are entirely open, others are accessible on permission, which is easily granted.

During the three years we stayed in Paris we had the privilege of hearing such illustrious men as Sainte Claire Deville, Claude Bernard, the great chemist Würtz, and many

more, and for all this we did not need to spend a franc; the only expense we had was the thirty francs monthly for our practical work in chemistry, carried on at a municipal laboratory. The best libraries and every kind of museum for the study of natural science were at our free disposal. It is small wonder if we were for some time completely absorbed in lectures and studies. We hardly knew anybody in Paris, and spent even our Sundays at home. We went occasionally to Sunday concerts, or to the Comédie Française, to see good acting; but we often felt the want of society, the lack of that mental intercourse which we had so enjoyed at home.

Whenever I recall our lonely life in Paris, I always remember one kind and gifted friend—the man who afterwards became

my sister's husband. He was the chief demonstrator in the laboratory where we worked, a most able and gifted man, whose enthusiasm, knowledge, and deep interest in science had impressed us from the very beginning of our acquaintance. He helped us in the most generous and disinterested way. We had been accustomed to such simple comradeship from the men of our own country, but to find it in a young and handsome Parisian astonished us greatly. My sister Olga became engaged to him after the close of the third year, and soon after they were married quietly in the Greek Church in Paris.

One of my greatest pleasures at that time was the active correspondence I carried on with my friend A. B. After having finished

at the Vienna Conservatoire, he returned to Russia, and played all over his native country, sometimes as soloist, sometimes giving concerts of his own.

He began with the towns where he was already known. He played in Odessa, Cherson, in the Crimea and the Caucasus, and went as far south as Baku. I remember his letters from Baku containing most interesting accounts of the large fountains of petrol, and the still more wonderful jets of burning gas. They are known as the "Perpetual Fires of Baku," and are the object of special adoration by some of the Persian inhabitants. Not less interesting were his descriptions of the Tartar and Persian customs; they dyed the hair and beard red, and also their horses' feet and

breasts, in honour of the beard of the Prophet. He gave me some curious details of his experiences while giving concerts. He came to Baku with his pianist, neither of them knowing anything about the place or the people. The first thing was to obtain a concert hall. There was a large hall quite suitable for the purpose, but it contained no chairs. These A. B. had to procure for himself—a matter not at all to his taste—and what was still worse, the piano standing in the hall was wretched, and there was no music-shop where he could hire a decent one. They had no alternative but to use it. As for the difficulty about the chairs, A. B. heard that there was a travelling circus in the town; he decided to visit the director of the circus, and try to get assistance from him. This

man proved to be by no means an ordinary type. He had married the daughter of a circus owner, but was himself a man of culture and a lover of music. He received A. B. most cordially, and showed the greatest willingness to help him. First of all they arranged that the circus performance and A. B.'s concert should not take place on the same evening. Then he offered A. B. the use of his chairs, and added "Some of my clowns are very fond of music," to which A. B. replied that he himself was very fond of the circus; so it was arranged that they should exchange tickets, and assist each other's performances as much as possible. The friendship between the circus and the musicians became so close that A. B. was invited to a clown's wedding, and spent a

very agreeable evening. He was greatly struck by the extreme seriousness the clowns maintained during the whole time.

Notwithstanding the remoteness of Baku, the musicians found a most enthusiastic public, so that they gave four concerts during their ten days' stay, and all were crowded. Among the audience was the Russian Ambassador to the Persian Court, a great lover of music. He invited A. B. to go with him to Teheran, and said that although he could not answer for the financial success, he could promise that he would have conferred upon him the Order of the Lion and the Sun. A. B. however, was not tempted.

I ought to mention that the morning after the first concert, as A. B. was sitting at breakfast, he heard a knock at the door, and

was surprised to see a young girl of fourteen, who said, " My father sends me to ask if you would like to use our grand piano (Becker). We were at your concert yesterday, and were so sorry such musicians should have a bad instrument." A. B. was greatly pleased, and accepted the offer with gratitude, so that the following concerts were given under better conditions. From Baku he started on a long tour to the north, stopping at all towns of importance—Elizabethgrad, Ekaterinoslav, Kiev, Karkov, etc., to give one or more concerts. At one small town between Kiev and Moscow he saw an announcement of a concert to be given that evening by Nicolas Rubinstein, brother of the famous Anton Rubinstein, and an equally fine pianist. The advertisement spoke of an orchestra;

and, as in such a small town there could hardly be more than two first violins, A. B. thought he might be able to help. He had just time to return to his hotel, get into evening dress, and reach the concert hall. The orchestral seats were still empty, and not knowing exactly what to do, he took the leader's place. When that gentleman entered, he was considerably astonished to find his seat occupied, but thinking the stranger must have been invited by Rubinstein, he sat next to A. B., and said nothing. The conductor entered, and also looked at the new leader with great astonishment, but, for the same reason, he also said nothing. At last Rubinstein himself appeared to play his solo, and A. B. could see by his expression that he did not remember having seen the

leader's face at the rehearsal. During the interval Rubinstein and the conductor talked together, then came up to A. B., and acknowledging the help he had given them, asked who he was; he told them. Rubinstein, who already knew him by name, was delighted; he asked A. B. to supper, and they had a very enjoyable time. A. B. had to promise that he would visit him in Moscow, and from that time began a warm friendship between them. When A. B. went to Moscow, he appeared as soloist at one of the symphony concerts conducted by Rubinstein.

After this appearance at Moscow, he was offered the post of assistant professor of the violin in the Moscow Conservatoire. He was then only 24, and accepted the post with pleasure.

He worked there for several years, but this work did not quite satisfy him, for he wished to finish his own pupils, and not merely to prepare them for another teacher; as this could not be arranged, he resigned his post. Soon after this he decided to retire for a time from all the pleasures of society, to live like a recluse in complete solitude, and devote all his energies to perfecting himself as an artist. Many of his friends opposed this plan, but he kept to it, and at the very beginning of winter, when the long evenings commenced, he went to Shaichasan, a lonely estate in the Crimea. The house stood alone, and was inhabited only by the manager of the estate, who had no family, and was very much occupied, so that A. B. hardly ever saw him, and was

sometimes alone for days together. He rose at daybreak, worked at his violin before breakfast and the greater part of the day, and so in work, reading, and letter-writing he passed his time. I greatly admired his resolution in this, and tried to give him some variety in his monotonous life by sending him frequent letters.

At the close of our third year in Paris we were invited one evening to the house of a Russian lady—a medical student. We met a small circle of Russians, and among others, a socialist. I had never met anyone of similar views before. Soon after he was introduced, he began telling us about his past. It was a really wonderful story. He had been imprisoned because of his socialistic propaganda among the working classes, but

escaped after a year and went abroad. He had settled in Paris. We were deeply interested in his experiences, and it was not long before we met him again. We found nothing attractive or sympathetic in his personality, but his socialist theories impressed us greatly, and he expressed them very forcibly. It was like a new world, and caused a revolution in my mind. I lost interest in my studies, and reproached myself for having spent so much time on them; I became quite indifferent to music. Only one thing in the world seemed to me really worth living for, that was to give away everything I possessed, and to spend my time in the simplest and hardest work. I became possessed with this one idea—the socialist saw it, and his interest increased. We met

frequently, and it was not long before he asked me to marry him. I had no personal feeling for him, but felt that I must at all hazards carry out the socialist teaching, and I knew I was far too weak to do it alone, so I consented, and we were engaged. I was really possessed by my ideas, and endeavoured to gain all possible information on the subject of socialism.

At that time I heard there were some celebrated leaders of the movement in Liverpool, and I determined to take a journey there to get further light. I happened to pass through a street where there were some large rich houses; I suddenly decided to go and ring at one of the doors, and when it was opened, asked if they wanted a servant; my wish was to

humble myself by doing the common work of a house. I was refused, and the look of astonishment I received frightened me from ever attempting the same thing again. I soon felt it necessary to tell my mother of my engagement, and yet it was impossible to break her heart by saying that he was a socialist, living under a false name, to escape the pursuit of the Russian police, and that he could never return to Russia. I decided that it would be better for me to go home, and let my mother learn all from my own mouth. I arrived in Russia, and the first person I took into my confidence was my brother. He thought me half mad, but treated me with great consideration; he promised to break the news to our mother, and to make all arrangements for my return

to Paris, though in reality he was planning against it all the time. He sent for my best friend, A. B., who was then at Kiev. A. B. came immediately. It was a very happy meeting and we had much to say to each other. Our talks over the past soon made it clear to us both that we belonged to each other. No more plotting was necessary, for I no longer wished to return to Paris; my best friend and my native place had restored me to my old self.

Before I proceed, I ought to add a few words about the socialist. We remained friends for some time longer, and I encouraged him to study the subject in which he was most interested—agriculture. With the help of friends, and among them Turgénieff (who was most generous to poor

Russians in Paris), he entered the Agricultural School at Montpellier, and, after several years' work, graduated from there. He went to South America, and obtained a very good position as wine grower; I cannot say whether he remained faithful to his socialist principles.

As I look back on this time, I seem to see a huge, black cloud hanging over me, and threatening to crush my life. The cloud passed away, but my time of excitement was by no means over. My mother had always felt the greatest sympathy for Adolph Brodsky, and considered him as a very dear friend, but she refused her consent to our marriage. Who can read a mother's heart? She had heard much of the Bohemianism of the artist's life, and she did not believe it

would provide the quiet and happy future she wished for me. I can see that the probabilities were on her side; but with all my heart and soul I believed in my new-found happiness. It is nothing to struggle against enemies, but to contend with those who act in perfect love is the hardest task in the world. All my persuasions were useless, and there began the greatest struggle of my life, a struggle which almost overcame me. We both suffered terribly, but I had not self-denial sufficient to sacrifice all my future happiness, and so I took the necessary steps, acting against my dear mother's will.

At length the parting hour came. I think it was only at the very last moment that I thoroughly understood my mother; when I stood before her small, slender figure, dressed

as always in plain black, when I looked into her large, deep blue eyes, expressing such thought and love, and such wonderful strength of will, a great pang went through me, and my heart still aches at the memory of the suffering I must have given her. The future showed, however, that in our dispute I was right, and happily she lived long enough to see it. But I wish to say a few more words about her.

My mother was of very aristocratic birth; her father was a noble, and her mother a Poppel—a Polish family of Royal descent. At the age of sixteen she married my father, a Russian noble. They had eleven children, and her married life was one long devotion to her husband and family. She had no thought and no wish for herself: I never

heard her complain, and what was still more remarkable, never saw tears in her wonderful eyes, though I saw several times an expression of infinite suffering. She had lost several children, one a son in the prime of life. When she lost her beloved husband, she suffered agonies, but she neither complained nor wept; she bore heroically the great trials of her life, and we children always regarded her with love and reverence. To the last days of her life (she died at the age of 58) she took a great interest in all that went on, in politics, in literature, and art. She had always found time to cultivate her mind. For music she had a great devotion, and a really fine understanding. She was always active at other times, and only when listening to music would she let her beautiful, small hands lie idle in her lap.

After parting from my mother, I went to the harbour where A. B., who had just arrived from Kiev, was waiting for me; all the luggage I had consisted of one small box. We sailed on a steamer for the Crimea. We two were without friends, without money, without any sure position or prospect for the future, except for A. B.'s talent and the love in our hearts, which brightened everything. After a day's journey, we landed in the famous harbour of Sevastopol. We did not know a single person in the town, but asked at the hotel for the address of the priest attached to the cathedral, and went to him at once. Father Vladimir, a tall, old man, with a severe expression in his deep-set eyes, received us rather formally, and asked us what we wanted. We told him that we wished to be married.

“But who are you? How do I know you are not already married?” he said to A.B., and then pierced me with a flash from under his heavy eyebrows.

When A.B. said he was a musician, a violinist, we saw a friendly light cross the old man's face.

“Do you know anyone here?” was his next question.

“No.”

“Well then! Come here to-night, both of you, and don't forget to bring your violin. I will send telegrams meanwhile and make all necessary enquiries about you.”

When evening came we returned to Father Vladimir as we had been told. He proved to be a passionate lover of music, and I saw for the first time what wonders it could do.

As soon as we arrived, A. B. was asked to play, and he gave one piece after another, growing more and more inspired. Tears rolled down Father Vladimir's cheeks; all his reserve and all his severity melted away. We parted that evening from him and his children (he was a widower) like old friends, and we remained on these intimate terms till the end of his life. We had to promise to come again the next day.

He soon received satisfactory replies to the telegrams, and two days later, April 30th (May 13th English Calendar), 1880, at 12 o'clock, our marriage was quietly celebrated in the old cathedral of Sevastopol. Father Vladimir himself performed the ceremony. There were no flowers and there was no wedding dress; I wore my one black woollen

gown. There were no bridesmaids and no groomsmen. It is a part of the Russian marriage ceremony that golden crowns must be held over the heads of the bridal pair; this office, which should have fallen to the groomsmen, was performed for us by two military officers, friends of Father Vladimir. The ceremony was very long and elaborate. We had to stand on a square of pink silk, to have our hands tied together, to walk three times round a little table, the officers following us with the golden crowns; we drank wine from the cup, and I had to promise to obey A. B.—a vow which I am afraid I have not always kept. When the ceremony was over, we had intended to return to our hotel; but as we were taking leave of Father Vladimir, thanking him for all his kindness to us, he

looked at us with his queer, kind smile, and said, "You to the hotel! Nonsense! You are expected in my house."

We gave way to him; and how can I express our astonishment when, on entering his house, we saw a table in the centre of the best parlour, laid as for a marriage breakfast, and round it Father Vladimir, his children, the two officers, and several intimate friends of the house. They came to meet us, with champagne glasses filled, certainly not with *Veuve Clicquot*, but with Russian champagne, which seemed to us that day the best in the world. We had a very happy time, though my thoughts were constantly wandering back to my mother, and I could scarcely touch the food. After dinner we had some music, and A. B. had again to play in order

to please the dear old man, who did not wish to conclude the day without hearing him once more.

Now that we were married, we had no longer any need to stay in dusty Sevastopol, we longed for a quiet spot in the country. The Crimea is very rich in beautiful scenery, and we decided to go to Alooshta. We took the next steamer from Sevastopol. We spent a few hours on the Black Sea, curving round the southern coasts of the Crimean Peninsula, and then a most beautiful panorama opened before our eyes. We saw the whole chain of the Crimean mountains descending sheer into the sea. Their wonderfully-shaped peaks were still covered with snow, and this contrasted vividly with the brilliant vegetation of the lower slopes.

The golden crosses of the churches, the red and green roofs of villas peeped out from woods and gardens. Sometimes we passed magnificent castles belonging to the Czar's family. The weather was fine, and the sun played on the clear green of the sea; the snow on the mountain summits made everything appear like a fairy tale. As we approached Yalta, all the passengers came on deck, expressing their delight with the picturesque little town, the pearl of the Crimea, where everything—sea, snow, mountains, cliffs, and tropical vegetation combined to make a scene of incomparable beauty. Yalta lies in a deep bay, surrounded by mountains, whose summits are so curiously and beautifully carved, that they looked like lace work in the clear air. We landed in

the harbour, and proceeded to our destination by carriage.

After several hours' driving, we reached Alooshta—at that time a rather primitive Tartar village; the peculiar straight-roofed houses made a pleasant contrast with the high turrets of the minarets. Buried in vineyards, gardens, and orchards, in full bloom when we arrived, it faces the sea, and Chatardag—one of the highest of the Crimean mountains—rises immediately behind. There was only one Russian church in Alooshta; to the priest attached to this, Father Vladimir had given us a warm letter of introduction. He received us very kindly, and offered to give us lodging and board in his house on very moderate terms; we accepted gladly, for there were as yet no hotels in Alooshta.

Our room was very small; it contained nothing but a table, two chairs, one small bed, and a hard couch on which A. B. slept. The couch was so narrow that whenever he wished to turn it was necessary to stand up first, but, being a good sleeper, he never complained of these nocturnal gymnastics. Except at night we only required this room for A. B.'s hours of practice; he was then studying Tschaikovsky's concerto with enormous love and energy. I remember once as I was returning home to dinner I heard the sounds of the Tschaikovsky concerto loud above the stillness of the village, and saw beneath the window of our room a Tartar in his picturesque dress, dancing to the Finale.

We lived the greater part of that summer

under the open sky, sitting with our books for hours on the sea shore, or making delightful excursions in the country round; we brought home fossils and stones, and, with A. B.'s help, I formed quite a collection.

On one occasion night surprised us when we were too far to return, so we asked for shelter in a Tartar house which stood alone. The Tartar and his wife received us very kindly and showed us into the one large room of the house. The floor was covered with home-made carpets, there was no furniture, but the feather beds and pillows lay directly upon the carpet; the linen and everything else was, however, beautifully clean. A light supper was served and we sat on the floor to eat it with the Tartar family. Later on they gave up their comfortable beds to

us, and themselves slept in the yard with nothing above them but the starry sky. Next morning after breakfast, we offered them money, but they would not hear of it; in order to show our gratitude in some way, we bought from our kind hostess a few embroidered scarves. These were her own work : they are worn by the Tartar women to cover their heads and, occasionally, their faces.

Our quiet country life was interrupted at times when our money came to an end. Then A. B. would leave me for a few days and give a concert at some town in the Crimea. Each time he returned with fresh supplies and we went on for some time longer.

We were very sorry when this delightful summer came to an end, and we had to leave Alooshta with its simple pleasures and its quietness.

Autumn came and with it new plans and cares for the future. I have never seen A. B. so full of energy; it was inexhaustible. His chief aim was to give peace to my mother's mind, and to prove to her that her anxieties about my future were unfounded. Nothing seemed difficult or impossible, and he was ready to make any sacrifice. First of all he decided to have a concert tour in the Caucasus. This meant our first parting and a great deal of labour and anxiety for my husband. Travelling and organising concerts in the Caucasus was by no means an easy task at that time.

I went to Kiev and waited for him, and, after several weeks' absence, he joined me there. His tour had been a success, both financially and from an artistic point of view.

He brought a magnificent rock-crystal for my collection; it gave me great pleasure, and I treasured it for years after.

We did not remain long at Kiev, for A. B. was in no mood to rest on his laurels. A month later he had decided to go to Paris. He meant to try and play in one of the famous concerts, and so make a reputation abroad. This involved another parting, but I sympathised with his plans; the separation was very hard for both of us, but we were determined to do what was best.

I remained with friends in Kiev and he went to Paris. He took a small room and his struggles began: his letters show very plainly what a hard and anxious time he had. He was always of a most independent nature, and to ask any kind of assistance from

strangers was a great trial, but he had to pay calls and make every attempt to be introduced in the best musical circles. The good star of his cloudy heaven at this time was Saint-Saëns. I shall never forget his great kindness to my husband. He must have liked him, for he repeatedly invited him to his At Homes and introduced him to many celebrated musicians. On one occasion Saint-Saëns played chamber music with him and accompanied his solos. He visited him in his garret and encouraged him in every possible way. Nor was this all, for when Brodsky decided to play before the conductors of the Paris concerts, Saint-Saëns went with him to one whom he knew personally and played for him, accompanying his concerto on the piano. A. B. played two

concertos: the Bach and the Tschaikovsky. The conductor was greatly delighted with his playing, but there was always some difficulty which prevented his appearing at one of the concerts. In the innocence of his heart poor A. B. did not understand the hints that were given him, and failed to realise that all these difficulties could have been set aside by a little money. It was not till years afterwards, when we read of Tschaikovsky's experiences in Paris, so well described in his letters, that we understood how matters had been. Yet A. B. had very bright moments during that winter in Paris, and among the best were his meetings with our great Turgéniëff.

Turgéniëff then lived in Paris with his friend, Mme. Viardot—the singer—and her husband.

He took a great interest in a concert that was being arranged for the benefit of the Russian poor in Paris. A. B. was asked to play, and it was in this manner that he first met Turgéniéff. Several notes in Turgéniéff's hand, which we treasure to this day, refer to the arrangements. His writings had always been very dear to Brodsky's artistic heart, and I remember well the enthusiastic letter he wrote me after meeting him. His first emotion was one of surprise at Turgéniéff's unusual appearance: his gigantic figure was very finely built; he had a powerful head, his hair and beard were white as snow, his eyes rich blue, expressive of deep thought and much gentleness. A. B. was astonished by his voice, which was very high pitched, and most strange in a man of such heroic

stature. On one occasion my husband was invited to attend a musical At Home in Mme. Viardot's house. As he entered, he asked the servant if Turgéniéff was in the music-room with the guests, but was told that he was in his own room, suffering from a bad attack of gout. A. B. had a happy thought: he sent in his card to Turgéniéff, asking if he might come and see him. He received the reply that he would be very welcome; so, instead of proceeding to the music-room he entered the half-lighted bedroom, where Turgéniéff lay alone in pain; he was more than rewarded by the latter's pleasure in greeting him. Sitting down on the bedside, he had a long conversation. Turgéniéff spoke of his illness first, but soon forgot himself in other topics. Feeling he had a

sympathetic listener, he spoke of Russian literature, told A. B. his views on Tolstoy (whose genius he greatly admired), spoke of Dostoïevsky as a man of failing health, which influenced his writings, and went on to speak of Herzen. A. B. listened, fearing to lose a single word, and Turgéniëff, absorbed in the narrative, forgot his suffering. A. B. left him in a more cheerful mood.

Though my husband did not achieve his main purpose in his long journey to Paris, yet his stay there greatly aided his artistic career. He was introduced to many musicians, and listened to them, not with the idea of fault-finding or criticism, but in order to learn something from each one. He was most impressed by Sarasate, and often said that he had learnt much from him in

technique and tone production. They first met under somewhat peculiar circumstances. A. B. was invited to a musical evening at the house of the French composer—Lalo. Sarasate was to play in a string quartette. When all the guests were assembled, Lalo received a note, saying that the viola player could not come, and was in despair. Brodsky offered to take the viola part, and the offer was accepted; but Lalo, not knowing him, felt somewhat nervous, and when the music began, stood behind his chair. After the first few bars, however, he smiled at A. B., returned to his seat, and listened comfortably. When the performance was at an end, he expressed his admiration and warm thanks to A. B. for having done his task so well without a previous rehearsal.

On returning to Russia, Brodsky resumed his studies with fresh interest and zeal, and at the same time planned a new journey abroad.

Early in the autumn of 1881 he again left Russia, but this time I accompanied him. We went to the famous Danube capital; I already knew it well from his accounts, but was eager to see it for myself. Never before or since have I been so impressed with any city as with Vienna, its artistic character and the something fascinating and bright in its atmosphere. For Adolph Brodsky it was full of happy recollections. He had been only a boy of ten when his father first brought him to Vienna to study the violin under Helmesberger. But before I speak of his connection with Vienna, I

should like to say a few words concerning Adolph Brodsky's childhood.

Once when I asked him if he remembered anything of his mother, who died when he was between six and seven, he said "Yes! one picture remains in my memory. I can see an ironing board, resting on two chairs. At one end I sit with my little violin, playing to my mother while she irons the linen, but my mother's face and its expression I can only see dimly, as through a veil."

This was at Taganrog, on the Sea of Azov, where A. B. was born. His mother possessed a very beautiful voice, and, though it was quite untrained, she sang very well. A. B.'s father played no instrument, but he loved music intensely, and had a fine ear. He tuned the little fiddle till the boy was able to

do it himself. It was by accident that he discovered his son's talent. Little Adolph was not quite five when his father brought home a toy fiddle, which he had bought at the market. At the first sight of it, the boy was excited, he would not lay it aside again, and all his other toys were forgotten. Seeing this, his father obtained the necessary strings, put them in, and tuned the little fiddle. The boy overflowed with joy. Striking the strings with his fingers, he reproduced the simple Russian melodies he already knew by heart and could sing quite correctly. This roused his father's attention. Since he was a man of very limited means, he could not engage a regular teacher; but he asked a soldier, who belonged to a military brass band and could also play the fiddle, to give his little



[Photo by Adele Perlmutter, Vienna.

Adolph lessons. The boy made rapid progress, and soon knew as much as his teacher. There could no longer be any doubt of his exceptional talent, and his father decided to make a real sacrifice in order to obtain for him the necessary musical training. He engaged the best teacher in Taganrog, and watched eagerly the boy's wonderful progress during the first year. It was at this time that A. B.'s mother died. His father took his family and went to Cherson, having received an appointment there as manager of a steam flour mill. As there was no good teacher in Cherson, Adolph was taken by his father to Odessa. He was put under the charge of a good teacher, leader of the orchestra in the Odessa opera house, and a fine violinist. It was arranged that the little Adolph should

live in his teacher's house, and be entirely in his charge. It so turned out that it was the boy who had sometimes to take care of his teacher : the latter unfortunately indulged in intoxicating liquors, and was not always firm on his feet. Sometimes when he found the boy a hindrance, he would simply lock him in the house and go his way. On one such occasion the poor boy was left without food and half dead, when, searching carefully all over the room, he found under the bed a sack of potatoes : he baked some of these in the oven, and so was saved from starvation.

Notwithstanding these unfavourable surroundings, the boy made great progress during his time in Odessa, and at the end of a year, his teacher arranged a concert in the large opera house, for the benefit of his pupil.

Except for one singer who had kindly consented to take part, the whole programme consisted of the boy's playing. He was nine years of age, and it was his first appearance before a public audience. He won a remarkable success. The profits were large, but the boy gained nothing by them, because soon after the concert his teacher disappeared with the whole of the money. The child benefited, however, in another way. The affair attracted the attention of some rich citizens in Odessa, who raised the funds necessary to send him abroad for a full musical training. Vienna was chosen. His father took him there. He was entered as a pupil at the Vienna Conservatoire, and lived in his teacher's house in the most favourable surroundings possible. Helmes-

berger soon recognised his great talent and took a special interest in its development. He became very proud of his pupil and often exhibited him as a prodigy at different public concerts in Vienna. The boy soon became eager to earn a living for himself. At the age of sixteen he competed for an engagement in the Vienna Court Orchestra, and was victorious over thirty other violinists. It was only a salary of a little over £3 a month, but he felt he would be satisfied if he could earn another pound by private teaching, and so he tried to get pupils. His first experiences as a teacher were of a somewhat curious nature. On one occasion after he had played the *Elégie* by Ernst at a charity concert, a portly gentleman of about forty came to his house, and told him he had

heard him play the *Elégie* and greatly admired his performance. He said that he would like to play it himself, and so asked to be taken as a pupil. It appeared he had never handled a violin, and when young Brodsky told him he would have to practise on open strings before he could have proper music, he rejoined: "Oh no! I should like to learn the *Elégie* at once." The end was that they could not come to terms.

The second pupil was a clerk of twenty-eight, and in order to get his lessons at seven o'clock, the only hour they could arrange, he had to rise at five in the morning and walk a long distance. Seven was rather an early hour for the young teacher who had to play in the Opera every night, and when he grew a little better acquainted with his pupil he

obtained his permission to give the lessons in bed. Once when he wakened he was startled by the impression that his pupil ought to be there but was not. He looked at his watch and saw that the lesson hour was already past. He hoped his pupil had been prevented from coming, but perceived the clerk's card on the table; he understood now what had happened; his pupil must have come and played to him in his sleep, but he had not heard a note.

Brodsky had the greatest admiration for his teacher, Helmesberger; how great was therefore his joy when his teacher made him join his famous Helmesberger-Popper string quartette as second violinist; thus Adolph Brodsky early became known to the public of Vienna.

We soon realised that he had not been forgotten during the years spent in Russia. We had not been a fortnight in Vienna, before invitations to musical circles, musical At Homes, etc., poured in upon us in greater number than we could possibly accept.

Soon after our arrival A. B. went to see his former colleague—Hans Richter (Richter had been in his last year at the Conservatoire when A. B. entered)—who has since become the famous conductor of the Court Opera and of the Philharmonic Concerts.

Many of the brightest memories of A. B.'s student life are connected with this extraordinarily gifted friend. Richter's principal instrument was the horn; he was also a fine pianist. He could play the flute and clarinet, as well as all the string instruments in the

orchestra, down to the double bass.

On account of these manifold accomplishments he had earned in the Conservatoire the nickname of Nothnagel (Hope in Extremity), and in whatever difficulties the orchestra might be placed by the absence of some member, Richter promptly came to the rescue. Once, at a public concert in the Conservatoire, when the Tannhäuser overture was being given, he performed on three instruments at once. Besides his horn, he played the cymbals, which he fastened to his knees, and the triangle: he hung the latter on the music stand, and struck it whenever he could free his right hand from the horn.

Another pleasing recollection is connected with a rendering of Beethoven's septette at an open practice. Richter gave a magnifi-

cent interpretation of the horn part, A. B. was leader in the first movement, and Risegari (who was in the same class as A.B.) led the Adagio and played with wonderful expression and feeling. Risegari was considered at the Conservatoire as one of their most gifted and promising violinists.

When they met after their long absence Brodsky took Tschaikovsky's concerto with him to play to Richter, who was always interested in new compositions, and very eager to help young artists and composers, especially those whom he thought neglected. Although the concerto had been written several years before, no violinist had yet attempted to play it in public, partly on account of its unconventionality and partly because it was extremely difficult. For more

than a year Brodsky had studied it with increasing pleasure. He wished to play it at one of the Philharmonic Concerts. Richter heard it with great interest, and loved it at the first hearing, and advised him to play it at one of the "Novelties" rehearsals, where a committee consisting of members of the orchestra decided on new compositions.

A. B. did as he was advised. Personally he had a great success; it was immediately decided that he should play in one of that season's concerts, but Tschaikovsky's concerto was rejected.

It would take pages to describe in detail all my husband's anxieties and struggles. Obstacles only strengthened his desire; he repeatedly introduced the Concerto in different musical circles, but always with the

same result. The audience were evidently impressed, but in criticising they always found fault, and advised him not to play it in public, especially in the Philharmonic Concert, the habitués of which were extremely conservative, and were also prejudiced against Slavonic music in general and Tschaikovsky's in particular. Richter had already attempted to introduce to this audience one of the best works Tschaikovsky had as yet written—the overture to “Romeo and Juliet”—but in spite of the excellent rendering could not make it a success. A. B.'s friends were unanimous in assuring him that he would have a far greater success with Mendelssohn, or Bach; but all was of no avail, and he finally declared to the Committee that he would play Tschaikovsky

or nothing. He was allowed to have his way. On the day before the concert we were both full of the most wretched anxiety. We walked restlessly through the streets of Vienna, trying to give each other courage, or attempting to play chess in a café—anything to distract our thoughts from to-morrow's concert. We felt that our future depended on A. B.'s reception then. As far as we ourselves were concerned, we felt we could be happy anyhow, even if we had to live in the country as simple farmers, or so it seemed to us then: but what would my mother think if my husband's first important appearance should prove a failure? This was our terrible anxiety.

At last the time arrived. I sat in the front row with an old friend, who was as

much excited as myself. Brodsky appeared before the large orchestra ready to begin, and at the moment there rushed into my mind all the warnings our friends had given us concerning the public; I was appalled at the greatness of his task. Looking at the hundreds and hundreds of people who filled the hall, I realised what a daring thing it was to play this extremely difficult concerto for the first time before such an audience, and my heart beat violently. Then I became all attention. The first few notes showed some trace of A. B.'s nervousness, but then the music he so loved took possession of him, and he forgot everything else. His face grew composed and happy; he played his very best, carrying the audience away with him into a better world, where there are no

national or political differences, no place for enmities or petty feelings, but where the pure ideal art is sovereign.

I never saw an audience more attentive; there was a wonderful stillness during the whole performance. After the first movement the applause was unanimous and prolonged. Then came the dreamy poetic second movement, which passes into a finale full of energy and fire, original and free alike in its conception and in its form. After the finale enthusiastic applause filled the hall. This must have been too much for the conservative portion of the audience; they wished to check it by signs of protest, and for some seconds we heard unmistakable hisses mingled with the applause, but this seemed only to emphasise the success, for

people stood on their feet to shout "Bravo!" and the opposition was soon overcome. Again and again Brodsky had to appear, and bow his acknowledgments to the excited audience.

After such a success, his artistic future was assured. Next morning the majority of the papers tore Tschaikovsky's concerto to pieces, but all did full justice to the playing of its interpreter.

It so happened that Tschaikovsky was on his way to Italy that very day. A number of the "Neue Freie Presse," containing Hanslick's harsh critique on his concerto, fell into his hands. Since Brodsky had left the Moscow Conservatoire, where they had been teachers together, they had never met, and Tschaikovsky was quite unaware that

Brodsky so greatly admired his concerto, and was about to play it in Vienna. The oblivion in which this concerto had been left for years was a source of suffering to Tschaikovsky, and, notwithstanding the harsh and foolish critique, he was greatly pleased to hear that it had been played at all. He wrote a delightful letter to Brodsky, thanking him in the warmest terms and expressing his admiration for his courage; he said he would never forget this service; he dwelt on the feeling of a composer for his neglected works, and compared it to that of a mother for an unfortunate child—loved more than others, on account of its unhappiness.

Speaking of criticism in general he said, "Oblivion and neglect are the worst fate that can befall a composition, especially a

new one. It does not so much signify *what* the critic writes; that he should write something is the important matter."

Tschaikovsky and A. B. had been on good terms from the beginning of their acquaintance, but their real and close friendship dated from this letter and lasted until Tschai-kovsky's death.

We were soon able to judge how just his views on criticism were. The critiques on his Concerto, which had appeared in the leading Vienna papers, were exaggerated in their harshness and really sensational in character, but they stirred the interest of those who had not heard the Concerto.

A. B. received one engagement after another to play in different towns in Germany and Austria, and our travelling artist life began.

I need not enumerate all the places we visited in the next few years where Brodsky introduced Tschaikovsky's Concerto for the first time. I will only mention one incident. When he played it in Mannheim the famous violinist, Halir, was leader of the orchestra; he became so enthusiastic about the Concerto that he told Brodsky he had decided to play it himself, which he did. His example was followed by many other eminent violinists to A. B.'s great satisfaction.

Tschaikovsky followed with deep interest the fate of what he had been accustomed to call his "unhappy Concerto," and was never tired of expressing his gratitude to Brodsky. As one memorial of it we have a portrait of him bearing the following inscription in Russian: "To the re-creator of the Concerto

deemed impossible, from the grateful Peter Tschaikovsky.”

This Concerto had been dedicated to the violinist, Leopold Auer, who showed not the slightest interest in it; Tschaikovsky grew uneasy about this dedication and thought that Brodsky's name ought to be on the title page; he, therefore, decided to dedicate the second and all future editions to him. A. B. would have preferred Tschaikovsky to write a new Concerto for him, but the latter would have his way. Few people know of the first edition, and so the piece is usually known as being dedicated only to Brodsky.

Tschaikovsky, unfortunately, never wrote a second concerto.

In the spring of 1882 we went for the first time to London at the beginning of the

musical season. My husband wished to play in one of the Richter concerts, but Richter's consent alone was not sufficient; it was necessary to see the manager, Mr. Franke, who received him very kindly but told him the programmes were already filled, and there was no chance for A. B. that season.

He asked Mr. Franke, who was himself a violinist, to hear him play Tschaikevsky's Concerto; the latter consented, and was so enthusiastic over his rendering and so eager to know how it would sound with the orchestra that he determined he would, somehow or other, find a place for it. So A. B. introduced himself to the London public by means of this Concerto, and its success brought him many other engagements. Among the rest he was three times

asked to play at a Musical Evening given by Rothschild. On one occasion it was in honour of King Edward and the Duke of Edinburgh. Madame Patti, Nicolini, Coquelin ainé and others took part in the programme, but A. B. was the only instrumentalist; he had the honour of being introduced to both princes, who spoke appreciatively to him.

His life in London was a very busy one; he played at several Chamber concerts, at different clubs, and in private houses.

I meanwhile was studying the English language and literature, and the city of London itself.

May was an exceedingly fine month. I would sit for hours with my book in Kensington Gardens or in Hyde Park watching

the children and occasionally making acquaintance with them. I remember on one occasion as I was sitting on a bench in Hyde Park, an elderly gentleman addressed me. He looked refined, and as I was eager to learn English and it would be practice for me, I answered him and a conversation began. He made the impression upon me of being a well-educated man; we touched on serious topics. Before he went away he introduced himself to me, and I was puzzled to hear that he was one of Rothschild's cooks. My Russian conceptions of a cook were of quite a different character.

We liked London very much and left after two months with a strong desire to return again to that unique city.

From London we went to the south of

Austria intending to have a long summer holiday on the shores of the beautiful Wörthersee, but about the middle of July we had to leave that beautiful country to go to Moscow, as Brodsky was invited to introduce Tschaikovsky's Concerto there on the occasion of the great exhibition.

A few years later he gave the first rendering of it that had been heard in St. Petersburg, under Anton Rubinstein.

On our return from Moscow we resumed our travelling through Germany. It is generally the special desire of every young artist making a name to play at one of the famous Gewandhaus Concerts. Many illustrious names—Bach, Mendelssohn, Schumann—have been associated with Leipzig, and have made of it a musical centre of first-

rate importance; though other towns have equalled and perhaps surpassed it since, the tradition of its superiority still remains, and it was and still is important for a young artist to get himself heard in Leipzig. A. B. accordingly went there; he did not know anyone and, in spite of all his previous successes, was told that he must play on trial before the Committee of the Gewandhaus Concerts. To this he had no objection; he gave the Mendelssohn Concerto for his trial and was engaged to appear in one of the concerts. He selected for his début the A minor Bach Concerto and the first movement of Tschaikovsky's. Carl Reinecke was the conductor.

Next morning, soon after breakfast, he was surprised by a visit from the Director of

the Leipzig Conservatoire, to whom he had been introduced the previous night. After paying many compliments to A. B. he questioned him concerning his tastes and his experience as a teacher, and finally offered him the post of first professor in the Leipzig Conservatoire, just then left vacant by Schradeck's departure to America. Knowing the great fame of this Conservatoire, founded by Mendelssohn himself, A. B. was much flattered by the offer. As, however, he was accustomed to consult me on every important step in life, and I was in Frankfort at the time, he asked the Director to allow him a week before sending in his reply. I was exceedingly surprised and glad to hear of this offer, though to accept this post meant the overturning of our plans for the future, which

were to return to Russia and settle down there as soon as Adolph Brodsky's fame abroad was assured. Nevertheless we decided to do it, for we knew that nothing could be more satisfactory to my mother than to know we were settled at Leipzig under such favourable circumstances. A. B. accepted the Leipzig post, and I wrote a long letter to my mother. I received a very beautiful reply; she wrote that she was happy, sent her love to my husband, and asked us to come to her in Russia as soon as our summer holidays began.

We looked forward very greatly to the summer. But first we had to take up our abode in Leipzig.

It is a strange feeling, and one full of anxiety to approach a town you have never

seen before, but where you know you may live for an indefinite period, perhaps for very long. My first impressions of Leipzig were not favourable. It is neither beautiful nor picturesque: it lies by the side of a small river, too low to be healthy. We took furnished rooms, intending to look for a flat and settle more comfortably later on.

We had not been a fortnight in Leipzig before we received a telegram, announcing the sudden death of my beloved mother from heart failure. It was a dreadful and cruel blow. I left Leipzig at once, but arrived in Russia too late even for the funeral.

It would have been difficult to find a place better adapted than Leipzig to A. B.'s artistic tastes and requirements at that period of his life. Leipzig opened a vast and interesting

field of activity. He arrived in time to take part in a memorable event, for in the year 1883 the "Allgemeiner Deutscher Tonkünstler Verein" gave its Musical Festival in the great opera house of Leipzig. Arthur Nikisch was conductor: the soloists were Eugen d'Albert and Adolph Brodsky, who chose for this occasion Brahms' Concerto. He had been repeatedly advised by musicians and friends not to play the Brahms Concerto before this society, which at that time consisted chiefly of Wagner-ites and Liszt-ites, and formed a sort of hostile camp towards Brahms. But after a year's study of the Concerto he fell perfectly in love with it and was determined to play it at all hazards. Franz Liszt, president of the Society, sitting in the middle box opposite the platform, was

the central figure of the whole, and his presence gave especial lustre to the occasion. The theatre was filled with an audience that was made up almost exclusively of musicians who had come from all parts of the world. It was small wonder if such an audience gave inspiration to the performers. The Brahms Concerto was an immense success. I was not then present, being in Russia, but everyone who heard Brodsky at the festival assured me repeatedly that they had never heard him play so finely. This, more than anything else, helped him to make a good start in his Leipzig career.

The Conservatoire had really an international character. America, Canada, Australia, England, Russia, Bohemia, etc., were all represented by men and women students.

The foreigners outnumbered the Germans, and a good many of them were gifted. Among Brodsky's pupils alone there were many who became later distinguished artists. I may mention especially Hans Becker, son of the famous Jean Becker (now professor in the Conservatoire at Leipzig), Ottokar Novàček, Felix Berber, Alfred Krasself, Alexander Fideman (now professor in the Conservatoire at Berlin), Edith Robinson, Nora Clench, and May Brammer. These young people and their studies were a source of interest and pleasure to us. Some of them like Novàček and Fideman, who needed friends more than the others, lived for years in our house. They brought brightness into our lives and made us forget that we had no children of our own. They kept me busy,

and as Fideman was a mere child I taught him everything I could and directed all his studies. The recollections connected with these young friends are all most precious to me.

The central position of Leipzig, within easy reach of a number of great cities possessing permanent orchestras and symphony concerts, made it easy for A. B. to appear frequently as soloist without seriously interfering with his duties as teacher. But this work alone did not satisfy him. In his heart of hearts he had always cherished a desire to form his own string quartette, and lead it according to his own understanding and taste. There were two quartettes already in Leipzig which seemed more than sufficient for the size of the town. The quartette

concerts were but poorly attended. All these and other considerations could not dishearten Brodsky; he determined to carry out his plan. For a time he was delayed by a very serious difficulty; that of finding a 'cellist. There were two excellent 'cellists in Leipzig, but these were already engaged for the existing quartettes. He was obliged to get one from outside, and Leopold Grützmacher, a very experienced quartette player, expressed his willingness to come from Weimar for all rehearsals and concerts. The other two members of the first Brodsky quartette were, as second violin, Ottokar Novàček, and Hans Sitt, a fine viola player.

A. B. put great enthusiasm and love into the forming of his quartette. The rehearsals never seemed long enough for him. I really

think that if he had been wakened up at midnight for a quartette rehearsal he would have been delighted to begin. Real enthusiasm is contagious. The other members of the quartette became full of it and were soon as one man. It was only natural that under such circumstances the work should go well. At the end of the first winter in Leipzig, February 6th, 1884, the Brodsky Quartette announced its first concert to be held in the old Gewandhaus Hall.

Brodsky had met Brahms in Vienna and, hearing that he was about to come to Leipzig to conduct his symphony, wrote to him and asked if he would do him the favour of taking part in the first concert and playing some of his Chamber music with him. He received the following brief answer scribbled

by Brahms on a postcard: "Yes, with pleasure. J. Brahms."

A. B.'s joy was very great. I can see him now as he stood by the window, his face beaming with happiness, waving the card in his hand to me, as a sign that the message was a favourable one. It was under these fortunate auspices that he began as a quartette player in Leipzig.

The programme of the first concert was :

Haydn Quartette.

Brahms' Violin-Piano Sonata in G major.

Beethoven's String Quartette, in C sharp minor.

Brahms was by no means perfectly skilled as a pianist; his technique was not faultless, and his touch sometimes lacked sweetness,

but it was impossible to realise this during his performance. As he sat at the piano playing his compositions, he put so much of his own greatness into the performance as to make it unforgettable and inimitable. To see him on the platform was at once a pleasure and a lesson; he was so composed and his manners were so simple and natural.

On this occasion he played as if with great delight. Several times during the Sonata I saw him looking and smiling at Novàček, who turned the pages for him; once he whispered something, and Novàček told me later what it was: "Spielt der Kerl aber schön!" ("Doesn't he play beautifully").

The concert was a great success, the hall being crammed, and afterwards we entertained at supper Brahms, a few of his intimate

friends who lived in Leipzig, and the members of the quartette. It was the first occasion on which I had fulfilled the duties of hostess since my marriage. We were still living in furnished rooms, but they were very comfortable, and my landlady had placed a large dining-room at my disposal, and also helped me to arrange supper. A. B. had managed to procure a small barrel of Vienna beer which was placed in a corner of the room, and greatly provoked the mirth of the party. It was, indeed, one of his happy thoughts. No sooner had Brahms entered the dining-room than he perceived the barrel and was amused and delighted. This incident added to his already good spirits, and there were endless jokes and laughter.

Brahms had taken an immediate fancy to

Novàček, and declared he would not drink a drop of the beer unless the latter filled and handed to him each glass. Novàček was pleased with the joke, threw his napkin over his shoulder to look like a waiter, and entered upon his new office.

We spent a delightful evening, full of laughter and merriment, and parted late in the night, having seen how full of child-like fun the great and stern-looking Brahms could be.

After two years' existence the Brodsky quartette underwent some changes, but all to its advantage. The famous 'cellist, Julius Klengel, took the place of Grützmacher; Novàček passed to the viola part; and Hans Becker replaced him as second violinist. The concerts were no longer A. B.'s own

enterprise. The Quartette was engaged by the Gewandhaus Committee to give a series every year, and the engagement became permanent. Brodsky retained the exclusive right of arranging the programme; no vocalist ever took part, and pianists were only "on sufferance," as A. B. said for fun, though it must be admitted they were sometimes the main attraction.

The weekly Gewandhaus Concerts and a great many others made life in Leipzig extremely busy. Distinguished musicians were always visiting the town, and the circle of our acquaintances widened from year to year. We were already comfortably settled in one of the best parts of Leipzig, and, though we never gave large entertainments, our house was always open to our old and

new friends, and this added a great charm to our life.

To this period we owed our acquaintance with Hans von Bülow, Edvard and Nina Grieg, Sinding, Busoni, and many more. Some of these acquaintances developed into the most intimate friends.

Among the most precious memories of this time is our acquaintance with Hans von Bülow. From their first meeting he seemed to have special sympathy with my husband, and soon gave an eloquent proof of it by offering to come from Meiningen to Leipzig for one of the quartette evenings without any remuneration.

The concert took place on December 17th, 1884, when Bülow chose to play a Quintette, by Raff, and a piano Suite by the same

composer. My husband never forgot this service so generously rendered, and some years later had an opportunity to repay him by a similar service.

In 1888 Bülow wished to organise a series of concerts in Hamburg, and hoped to be able to utilise the orchestra already existing there, but the musicians were forbidden by their conductor to play for him. This greatly distressed him and necessitated his forming a new orchestra, which was no easy task. A. B. wrote a sympathetic letter, begging Bülow to make use of him for his orchestra, and offering to play first or second violin or viola, whatever was needed most: he said it would be a pleasure to come to Hamburg for all necessary rehearsals. Bülow was delighted, and wrote an enthu-

siastic letter in reply; he said Brodsky was acting like a true artist, he considered it a splendid example for others and gladly accepted the offer. He engaged him as second violinist. During a whole winter A. B. travelled to Hamburg to take part in Bülow's orchestra.

On one occasion he performed three different functions: *i.e.*, second violinist, solo player, and conductor; it was when Bülow gave the Brahms Piano Concerto.

At the end of the season Adolph Brodsky was surprised to receive from the members of the orchestra an artistically-worked case, filled with fine cigars, and bearing in gold letters the following inscription: "To their honoured guest Professor Adolph Brodsky, as a kind remembrance of the season 1888-9,

from the members of the Hamburg New Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Hans von Bülow. April, 1889."

A. B. was delighted with this gift, and, though he was a great smoker, kept it untouched for a long time.

On several other occasions A. B. had the pleasure of appearing before the public in the company of Bülow and Brahms. At one of the popular concerts in Berlin, Brahms conducted two of his Overtures, Bülow played Brahms' Piano Concerto, and Brodsky Brahms' Violin Concerto. The price of admission was only one mark. The audience were not seated in rows but round little tables with glasses of beer, though on such a special occasion the beer certainly was untouched. As Brahms and Brodsky stepped on the

platform and were about to begin, Brahms remarked, looking at the tables: "Shall we not go down first and have a glass of beer?"

In the winter of 1887 the Gewandhaus Committee invited Tschaikovsky to conduct some of his own compositions, and as he had received similar invitations from other towns in Germany, he decided to accept them and so, for the first time, came abroad to conduct his own works. He arrived in Leipzig on Christmas Eve: it was a cold frosty evening, and the snow lay thick on the ground. My husband went to the station to meet Tschai-kovsky, and my sister Olga and her little son who were our guests at that time helped me to prepare our Christmas tree. We wished it to be quite ready before Tschaikovsky arrived, and to look as bright as possible as

a welcome for him. As we were lighting the candles we heard the sound of a sledge, and soon after Tschaikevsky entered the room followed by Siloti and my husband.

I had never seen him before. Either the sight of the Christmas tree or our Russian welcome pleased him greatly, for his face was illuminated by a delightful smile, and he greeted us as if he had known us for years. There was nothing striking or artistic in his appearance, but everything about him—the expression of his blue eyes, his voice, especially his smile, spoke of great kindness of nature. I never knew a man who brought with him such a warm atmosphere as Tschaikevsky. He had not been an hour in our house before we quite forgot that he was a great composer. We spoke to him of

very intimate matters without any reserve, and felt that he enjoyed our confidence.

The supper passed in animated conversation, and, notwithstanding the fatigues of his journey, Tschaikovsky remained very late before returning to his hotel. He promised to come to us whenever he felt inclined, and kept his word.

Among his many visits one remains especially memorable. It was on New Year's Day. We invited Tschaikovsky to dinner, but, knowing his shyness with strangers, did not tell him there would be other guests. Brahms was having a rehearsal of his trio in our house that morning with Klengel and A. B.—a concert being fixed for the next day. Brahms was staying after the rehearsal for early dinner. In the midst

of the rehearsal I heard a ring at the bell, and expecting it would be Tschaikovsky, rushed to open the door. He was quite perplexed by the sound of music, asked who was there, and what they were playing. I took him into the room adjoining and tried to break, gently, the news of Brahms' presence. As we spoke there was a pause in the music; I begged him to enter, but he felt too nervous, so I opened the door softly and called my husband. He took Tschaikovsky with him and I followed.

Tschaikovsky and Brahms had never met before. It would be difficult to find two men more unlike. Tschaikovsky, a nobleman by birth, had something elegant and refined in his whole bearing and the greatest courtesy of manner. Brahms with his short, rather

square figure and powerful head, was an image of strength and energy; he was an avowed foe to all so-called "good manners." His expression was often slightly sarcastic. When A. B. introduced them, Tschaikovsky said, in his soft melodious voice: "Do I not disturb you?"

"Not in the least," was Brahms' reply, with his peculiar hoarseness. "But why are you going to hear this? It is not at all interesting."

Tschaikovsky sat down and listened attentively. The personality of Brahms, as he told us later, impressed him very favourably, but he was not pleased with the music. When the trio was over I noticed that Tschaikovsky seemed uneasy. It would have been natural that he should say some-

thing, but he was not at all the man to pay unmeaning compliments. The situation might have become difficult, but at that moment the door was flung open, and in came our dear friends—Grieg and his wife, bringing, as they always did, a kind of sunshine with them. They knew Brahms, but had never met Tschaikovsky before. The latter loved Grieg's music, and was instantly attracted by these two charming people, full as they were of liveliness, enthusiasm, and unconventionality, and yet with a simplicity about them that made everyone feel at home. Tschaikovsky with his sensitive nervous nature understood them at once. After the introductions and greetings were over we passed to the dining-room. Nina Grieg was seated between Brahms and Tschaikovsky,

but we had only been a few moments at the table when she started from her seat exclaiming: "I cannot sit between these two. It makes me feel so nervous."

Grieg sprang up, saying, "But I have the courage"; and exchanged places with her. So the three composers sat together, all in good spirits. I can see Brahms now taking hold of a dish of strawberry jam, and saying he would have it all for himself and no one else should get any. It was more like a children's party than a gathering of great composers. My husband had this feeling so strongly that, when dinner was over and our guests still remained around the table smoking cigars and drinking coffee, he brought a conjurer's chest—a Christmas present to my little nephew—and began to perform tricks.

All our guests were amused, and Brahms especially, who demanded from A. B. the explanation of each trick as soon as it was performed.

After dinner Brahms beckoned my little nephew to his side and putting his arm around him made all kinds of fun. I remember hearing him ask: "Are you collecting autographs?"

"No," the boy said, "I collect stamps."

The answer pleased Brahms immensely; he said again and again, "What a wise boy you are."

Brahms was a great lover of children, though he was sometimes fond of teasing them.

Once when he was walking with Brodsky in the streets of Leipzig they met a boy

whom Brahms stopped with the question, "Where did you lose your green feather?"

The boy caught anxiously at the feather and looked at Brahms in astonishment. It did not occur to him that Brahms could not have known of the green feather had it not been still there.

We were sorry when our guests had to go. Tschaikovsky remained till the last. As we accompanied him part of the way home A. B. asked how he liked Brahms' trio.

"Don't be angry with me, my dear friend," was Tschaikovsky's reply, "But I did not like it."

A. B. was disappointed, for he had cherished a hope that a performance of the trio in which Brahms himself took part, might have had a very different effect and

have opened Tschaikovsky's eyes to the excellence of Brahms' music as a whole. Tschaikovsky had had very few opportunities of hearing it, and that was perhaps one reason why it affected him so little.

During Tschaikovsky's frequent visits to Leipzig we saw him in every possible mood, in all his ups and downs, and always loved him more as we knew him better.

Being of an exceedingly nervous temperament, he passed from one mood to another very rapidly. One night I remember well. It was the evening before his *début* in Leipzig. A. B. was absent, playing at Cologne. My sister Olga and I had finished our supper some time before when Tschaikovsky suddenly called on us, apologising for being so late. We were struck by the

sadness of his expression and thought he must have heard some bad news. We gave him a warm welcome without asking any questions, and did our utmost to cheer him. We soon succeeded, and he told us it was the thought of to-morrow's concert which had depressed him so greatly, and that, if he could, he would have been glad to give up all his engagements and return to Russia immediately.

Such excitements were often more than he could bear; they brought on moods of terrible depression in which he seemed to see death in the form of an old woman standing behind his chair and waiting for him. Tschaikovsky often spoke of death and still more often thought of it.

He was greatly attached to life and loved

many things passionately: people he knew, natural beauty, and works of art. He had no firm belief in a future life and could never be reconciled to the thought of parting with all that was beautiful and dear to him.

On another occasion his extreme sensitiveness revealed itself in a different way. A telephone wire had just been laid between Berlin and Leipzig. Tschaikovsky and Brodsky arranged to speak through the telephone, the former from Berlin and the latter from Leipzig. At the appointed time Brodsky went to the telephone office hoping to have a chat with his friend, but he had only uttered a few words when he heard Tschaikovsky say in a trembling voice, "Dear friend! Please let me go. I feel so nervous."

“ I have not got you by the buttonhole,” said A. B., “ You can go when you please.”

Later on Tschaikovsky explained to us that as soon as he heard his friend's voice and realised the distance between them his heart began to beat so violently that he could not endure it.

Sometimes Tschaikovsky would send us a telegram from Berlin, or any other town where he happened to be, to this effect: “ I am coming to see you. Please keep it secret.” We knew well what this meant: that he was tired and homesick and in need of friends. Once after such a telegram Tschaikovsky just arrived in time for dinner; at first we had him quite to ourselves, but after dinner, as he was sitting in the music room with his head leaning on his hand as

was his custom, the members of the Brodsky Quartette quietly entered the room bringing their instruments with them as had been previously arranged. They sat down in silence and played Tschaikovsky's own String Quartette No. 3, which they had just carefully prepared for a concert. Great was Tschaikovsky's delight! I saw the tears roll down his cheek as he listened, and then, passing from one performer to the other, he expressed again and again his gratitude for the happy hour they had given him. Then turning to Brodsky he said in his naïve way: "I did not know I had composed such a fine quartette. I never liked the finale, but now I see it is really good."

This time he did not reproach us for having disobeyed his wish about the incognito.

He was very fond of meeting the Griegs at our house and, knowing this, we arranged it as often as possible. The dinners were usually followed by music. Madame Grieg would sing her husband's beautiful songs and he himself would accompany her at the piano. She always put great enthusiasm in her singing and stirred us deeply. It was a treat to hear her, and Tschaikevsky never failed to express his delight.

The composers soon became intimate friends and, as a token of his great esteem, Tschaikevsky dedicated to Grieg his Overture to "Hamlet," a tribute which the latter highly esteemed.

Having been a student of the Leipzig Conservatoire, Grieg was very fond of the place and was in the habit of visiting it

every winter. Once he came to us with a manuscript; it was his Violin-Piano Sonata No. 3; he told us he was not quite pleased with it, but would like to try it with Brodsky.

To enter with heart and soul into a new composition, to throw his whole energy into it, and then to introduce it to the public—all this was a special pleasure to Brodsky, he felt it like a vocation. He liked Grieg's Sonata from the first, and seized on the opportunity thus offered with great enthusiasm. This enthusiasm soon affected Grieg, and, after carefully studying it together, they gave a magnificent rendering in one of the Quartette Concerts in Leipzig, 1890, Grieg taking the piano part. He confessed to us afterwards that he had nearly destroyed the Sonata, he liked it so little at first.

Brodsky had about this time a somewhat similar paternal feeling for another new composition—the piano quintette of Sinding, also a Norwegian composer. He first introduced it to the Leipzig public, with Busoni taking the piano part. It was very well received by the general public: the “Signale” gave a ruthless critique upon it, but another paper defended it. A bitter controversy arose, and in consequence, Brodsky was asked to repeat the quintette that very season, when its success was still greater; Sinding, who was present, received a magnificent ovation.

After this, Brodsky played the quintette in many towns, until it became a repertoire piece for Chamber Concerts.

On account of the services which he had

repeatedly rendered to Norwegian musicians and composers, Brodsky received in 1891 the St. Olaf's Order, as a grant from the Norwegian Parliament. This distinction gave him great pleasure, since it did not come from any single person, but from the Norwegian people as a whole, being decreed by their representatives.

From the artistic point of view nothing better could have been desired than Brodsky's life in Leipzig. It was full of the best kind of stimulus for him. The intercourse with really great artists, the possibility of exchanging ideas and working with them, had an invaluable influence upon the growth of a talent such as his. He had also at his disposal an ideal Quartette Hall, and a public well-trained in appreciation of

music. The majority of his audience already knew well every classical piece which he performed.

Our life was not quite as favourable with regard to society. The people whom we knew in Leipzig, and with whom we had intercourse, were very kind to us; yet we felt ourselves as foreigners, and foreigners we remained to the end. We never got quite used to their strong local patriotism, or to the strongly-marked divisions between the different classes of society. It was the custom of the rich houses in Leipzig to give a large dinner party once a year. These endless dinners, with eight or nine courses, each course followed by a different kind of wine, and by interminable speeches, were trying, just as little enjoyable as the "Kaffee

Gesellschaften ”; these latter were gatherings exclusively of ladies. They brought their work, and would sit for hours, drinking one cup of coffee after another, and indulging in conversation which at times took a most private character.

Besides all this we felt we were exposed to everyone's criticism. In Leipzig I had the feeling as if I were in a small town where everybody was interested in other people's business. I was one day in a glove shop choosing a pair of gloves when the assistant suddenly asked me : ‘ How was your husband received yesterday in Dresden ? ’

I had never seen the man before. The concert he mentioned was one of the court concerts given by the King of Saxony, who was a great lover of music. Not being

content to hear the evening concert only the king attended the rehearsal, which took place the morning of the same day in his palace. He came in unofficial dress, smoking a cigar and followed by his little dog; he sat down and listened attentively to the whole Grieg Sonata, played by Brodsky and Schuch, and to all Brodsky's solos; his remarks showed a real understanding of music.

After this concert the king presented A. B. with a beautiful ring—a large ruby surrounded by diamonds. As my husband never wore rings he gave it to me, and I had the stones arranged as a pendant. All Leipzig talked of this royal gift. Even our butcher and greengrocer seemed proud of it and gave us their congratulations. It was no wonder if we often experienced the desire to

leave Leipzig for some larger place where we could breathe more freely.

Just at this time there began a pilgrimage of artists from Germany to America. Arthur Nikisch was one of the first to go; he left Leipzig for Boston, and was followed by many others.

In the summer of 1890, Brodsky received an invitation to New York as leader of the X Orchestra, and as soloist in all concerts the Orchestra gave in its yearly tour through the United States and Canada.

The prospect of seeing America tempted us greatly, but we did not like the idea of parting with A. B.'s quartette and his pupils and friends. In all probability my husband would have declined the offer, but some bad news reached us just at this time : we received

a letter announcing the sudden death of his father. It was a heavy blow to us both. He lost a father and I a great friend. Only a few weeks before he had been our dear guest in Leipzig; he was the picture of health, not more than 59 years old and looking like A. B.'s brother. It had never entered our minds that we should lose him so soon. In appearance he and A. B. were so much alike that they might have been taken for each other. He had been born and brought up in rather limited circumstances, but, thanks to his skill and energy, had acquired a very competent knowledge of all that concerned the construction and management of steam flour mills, and had earned his living as manager. In speaking to him one never remembered that he was a man without

university education. He had great natural generosity of feeling, and his admirable tact always dictated to him rightly what he should say or do. After he lost his wife, he did his utmost to replace her to his four children, to whom he was always a tender, loving friend, full of devotion and self-denial. It was hard to lose such a father, and seeing how deeply my husband was affected by this event, I grew more and more in favour of a complete change of surroundings. We decided to accept the proffered engagement, and go to New York. A. B. resigned his post, and we began preparations for our long journey. We had been told by people that prices were very high in America for every article except sugar, but we were not affected by these warnings.

We would not part with the boy, Fide-man, whom we had brought up, and whose musical education remained incomplete, so we took him with us. We took also our old German servant, our little poodle, all our furniture, books, and mineral collections—everything went with us. I tried very hard to persuade our cook to leave some old crockery behind, but without success.

When we arrived at New York we found our luggage boxes filled with all kinds of rubbish which she had smuggled in—old hat boxes, broken umbrellas, etc. So with all our movables, like Noah and his ark, we reached America.

Tschaikovsky had encouraged us in our decision. He had paid a short visit to New York and, having very pleasant memories

of it; intended to go again. Brahms and Bülow had done their best to dissuade us and told A. B. plainly they did not think he could be happy in America.

Just as we were leaving Leipzig, Brahms sent us his photograph bearing the following inscription in his own handwriting: "With best wishes for a happy journey, hoping to see you again. Your devoted, J. Brahms."

Brodsky had a touching farewell from Bülow at Hamburg, and from there, in one of the great Hamburg steamers, we sailed for New York in September, 1891. Except for two days we had a pleasant voyage. Those days, however, I shall not forget.

Everyone on board was ill, and only four people came down to their meals: the captain, one of his officers, the doctor, and

A. B. The orchestra declined to play at meal times, as is the custom on German steamers, for the reason that the double-bass player could not stand on his feet, but the captain would not hear of any excuse and ordered the orchestra to play as well as they could : the double-bass player had to balance himself with his instrument in the most comical postures.

As I lay in my berth I had to hold myself in with both hands. All the stewardesses were engaged in other cabins with suffering passengers and I was left alone, so my husband asked a steward to come to our cabin while he went to take his dinner. The steward came in, took a seat on my trunk, which was moving rapidly from one corner of the cabin to the other, and began to talk to me.

“It is nothing now,” he said, “compared to what it may be. Just imagine all the windows and doors screwed up, the waves dashing into the illuminators, and filling the cabins with water. You lie in your berth, and watch it mount higher and higher, until you find yourself lying in a pool. It may get like that.”

I thought this did not sound very encouraging, and the creaking of the masts and the raging of the storm became still more terrible in my ears. Fortunately none of the steward's prophecies came true, and the fury of the storm gradually abated.

On the morning of the ninth day our steamer entered the majestic harbour of New York. The first sight which greeted us was the statue of Liberty, presented to

the United States by the French Republic. I have rarely seen anything more imposing than this beautiful figure, standing on a little island, all by itself, the image of grace and freedom, her hand holding a torch stretched as far as possible as if to give light to the world. At night this torch is lit with electricity.

I knew little then of life as it really was in America, being only acquainted with that country from the Russian books I had read, and I thought this statue was a literal representation of the truth—America, the land of freedom, justice, and equality, enlightening the world by her example. I soon, however, found that this was not wholly true.

When we arrived, though it was in October, the weather was still hot and bright. A

bewildering noise, and gaily-coloured streets full of bustling crowds, were our first impressions of New York.

A former pupil of A. B.'s had come with his family to meet us. After a few days in a hotel, they helped us to find a pretty flat in the western part of New York, only a few minutes' walk from the picturesque Hudson River.

Our flat faced the Central Park, and some tall larches, with their lower branches touching the ground, were growing just in front of our windows. As I sat and looked out, I could see the squirrels springing from bough to bough, and could hardly realise that I was in the centre of one of the largest cities in the world.

I may say at the outset that it would take

a volume to describe all my impressions of America. Mentally, I divide my experiences into two classes, those connected with music and those not so connected. The latter group are among the most delightful and valuable of my life; especially was I most pleased with the position accorded to women in America, and I met several eminent women who were engaged in earnest social work and whose influence was very great. I was also impressed by the great hospitality of the Americans and their entire freedom from national prejudice; people of every country were generously received and appreciated.

Even in musical matters there were some things to be enjoyed; American audiences were, as a whole, very enthusiastic, but I was struck by the fact that the general attitude

towards art was curiously primitive and materialistic, and many of my husband's experiences were of a nature to confirm this first impression.

After the very first rehearsal with the X Orchestra he came home disappointed and out of spirits. He daily met with musicians of a type quite new to him, a type which could only have been developed in a country where there was no tradition of serving art for art's sake.

He soon saw that money was everything in America, the universal centre of gravity. Even the talent of musicians was measured by the money they earned, and the true love of art seemed very rare.

He received an equally unfavourable impression of the music in which he took

part: there was always more quantity than quality. Two alternatives remained for him: either to return to Europe immediately and break his contract, a very difficult and unpleasant thing to do, or else to stay and try to create a new position for himself more suitable to his artistic tastes. He chose the second way.

First of all he made the necessary sacrifices and freed himself from his engagements to play at popular concerts where the programmes were of very doubtful value. By this change he felt more at home in the concerts in which he did take part; the symphony concerts, for example, were of a much higher standard. The time saved from popular concerts he devoted to forming a string quartette; he chose his partners

from the X Orchestra, and as usual gave his whole heart and energy to the work. Even during his first winter in New York he gave a series of concerts whose programmes consisted exclusively of classical chamber music. This was something quite new to New York, and our acquaintances predicted that it would be a complete failure. Such, however, was not the case. Though his audience comprised only some three or four hundred people, a very small audience for a city the size of New York, it was most appreciative and enthusiastic; it was made up partly of musicians and partly of people who had been trained to appreciate music elsewhere, the latter were mostly Germans.

After the first concert many people came to the performers' room to shake hands with

A.B. though they did not know him personally' and thank him warmly for the treat he had given them. Among them was the famous pianist, William Mason, and our close friendship with him and his daughter dates from that time. These lovers of quartette music never missed a single one of the Brodsky Quartette Concerts. From these concerts A. B. gathered strength and courage for the rest of his work.

The annual tour of the X Orchestra, which lasted four or five weeks, he found very fatiguing and very unsatisfactory. He played solo at each concert and they always gave at least one, and sometimes two concerts a day besides travelling. The area traversed included all the large towns between Montreal in the north and Atlanta in the south,

New York in the east and Omaha in the west. This was a real *tour de force*, thoroughly American, and sufficient to ruin the strongest nerves and spoil the greatest enthusiasm.

During our stay in America A. B. twice made this tour, and even his strong constitution broke down once, when he had to stay behind till he recovered and was able to rejoin the Orchestra.

I cannot describe what I suffered when I saw him start on these journeys. A person who comforted me greatly in my troubles was my Irish cook, Mary O'Dowd, who proved a real friend to me. I should explain that my German cook suffered so from home sickness that I had to send her back soon after our arrival.

Mary O'Dowd was really a remarkable

person. She was a tall strong girl who performed the work of housemaid, cook, and laundress all by herself, and yet managed to be quite free in the evenings. She would then dress very neatly and, if I happened to be alone, come into the drawing-room to me. She would sit by my side and read to me from her Bible. When she spoke to me she often addressed me as 'my child,' though I was old enough to be her mother.

In consequence of its success in New York, the Brodsky Quartette received engagements to play elsewhere in the city and outside.

On one occasion A. B. received a letter from a millionaire who was in the habit of giving yearly a large dinner party and concert at his own house. He lived some

distance from New York. Engaging the quartette by letter, he asked Brodsky to play something by Mascagni. This puzzled him a good deal, and he felt inclined to refuse the engagement, but he did not wish to deprive his colleagues of the additional fee, and so accepted, explaining to Mr. N. that he could not play Mascagni, for the simple reason that Mascagni had not composed any chamber music.

After several hours' journey, the quartette reached their destination. Carriages were waiting at the station, and took them to the house of the American 'Maecenas.' An elderly lady, who proved to be the house-keeper, showed them to a beautifully-furnished library, and disappeared. After having waited for some time, and seeing that

no notice was taken of them, A. B. rang the bell. The housekeeper entered again, and he asked if Mr. N. had been informed of their arrival.

“Yes,” was her reply. “Please make yourselves comfortable here, and when the guests are seated at dinner, we will open the doors so that they can hear your playing whilst they take their meal.”

A. B. heard her in utter amazement, and insisted on seeing his host, but this was impossible, as Mr. N. was engaged in welcoming his guests, who had already begun to arrive.

It was a dreadful situation, and there was no possibility of reaching the station on foot, with all their instruments. A. B.'s 'cellist—a fine artist, and a man of very nervous

temperament—ran about the room in a state of wild excitement, repeating again and again to the housekeeper that he was Hekking (a well-known artist), and he was not going to play 'Tafel Musik.'

All A. B.'s self-control and presence of mind were necessary to escape from the situation with dignity. He attempted somehow to make it clear to the housekeeper that Mr. N. evidently did not know what a quartette was, and probably took them for a small band playing at dinner parties. He explained that they would not play on any account and she must order carriages for them at once. At last she saw that it was necessary and obeyed. Annoyed, dispirited, and tired out A. B. returned home, having had an experience without precedent in all his lifelong career as an artist.

But this was not our most unpleasant experience in America, for worse was still to come. A few preliminary explanations are necessary to make the matter clear.

Just as the working men in America have unions, so the musicians, great and small, have a union with its own rules. Only after half a year's residence in America had any musician a right to join it. When once a member of the union he was forbidden to play with anyone outside it; if he broke the rule he was fined ten dollars for the first, offence, twenty dollars for the second, and on a third offence was expelled from the union. It was a necessity that every musician should belong to it. As Brodsky was a musician of repute the union made an exception with regard to him, and as soon

as he came to New York he was made an honorary member. One of the conditions of the agreement between X and the members of his orchestra was that any contract or agreement made by its members must lose its force in case of war, fire, or a strike.

X was married to the daughter of an extremely influential man, and this helped him to get guarantors for his enterprise, but when his father-in-law died the guarantors seemed to lose interest, some of them withdrew and the Orchestra became a personal concern of X's. In order to make it more lucrative he wished to alter his contract with the members of the Orchestra. Only six weeks of the new concert-season had elapsed. X could not plead fire or war to annul his contract with the Orchestra and a strike alone

remained. So he arranged an artificial strike in a most ingenious way, and one very fatal to the Orchestra. X dismissed his first 'cellist, whose contract was just concluded, and engaged in his place Mr. D. who was not a member of the union. A.B. saw and understood all these manipulations. Once when he came to a concert to lead the violins as usual, he heard that Mr. D. was sitting in the Orchestra, and he refused to go on the platform. When X asked his reason, he looked meaningly in his eyes and told him that he was engaged to play music but not to play comedy. X could find no reply and had to appear before the public without the leader of his Orchestra. As he was about to conduct, a member of the Orchestra rose and said they had no right to play with Mr.

D. who did not belong to the Union. In fact the members of this Orchestra had already played with D. twice and had been fined for it; if they had played a third time they would have been excluded altogether from the union, a very serious matter for them. X in answer lifted his baton, but no one played. X laid his baton down, turned to the public who were filling the concert hall, said a few words of apology, and disappeared. A member of the Orchestra rose to speak but the light was turned out and he remained silent. The public left the hall in perfect ignorance of what had passed before their very eyes. The artificial strike they had witnessed freed X from all his contracts: he renewed them again, but under conditions more favourable to himself.

With Brodsky, however, X felt it would not be an easy matter to deal. He wrote a very polite and cordial letter, begging him to renew his contract under the former conditions. It would be hard to express A. B.'s indignation. He declined X's offer.

My husband suffered greatly on the Orchestra's account; they were for the most part poor fellows who were so dependent on X that they could not throw any light on this transaction. They could not help renewing their contracts with X under any conditions he chose to impose, and they had to swallow their indignation and be silent.

Seeing that nobody took the orchestra's part, and that the public were unsympathetic, and even sympathised with "poor X, whose orchestra had engaged in a strike against

him," A. B. felt that it was his duty to reveal the truth. Though he hated publicity of this kind, he wrote to the editor of the "Tribune" a letter, in which he told the true history of the strike, and explained why he had not renewed his contract with X. His letter was reprinted in all the principal American papers, and the members of the X orchestra appreciated his defence, and expressed their gratitude to him.

And so at last A. B. was free.

After these latest experiences, we decided to stay in America no longer than was necessary to fulfil the concert engagements already entered into, and after that to return to Europe.

What kind and devoted friends we possessed in New York we only realised

then, when we were in distress. The endless kindness of our friends, William Mason and his daughter, Dr. Adler and his wife, the Dunhams, and others, helped us through this difficult time. No words can express the gratitude we always feel to them when we remember that period.

In consequence of the unusual strain, Brodsky was taken ill, and it was long before he could shake himself free from depression. Several offers of permanent posts in America were at that time made to him; among others, a brilliant one from Philadelphia, but he declined everything. So after three years' stay in America, we sailed back in 1895, leaving behind us all our furniture and everything else we could.

We took a flat in Berlin, and settled down.

A. B. had intended not to bind himself again with any permanent engagement, but to travel about and play solo.

He appeared as soloist in different parts of Germany that winter, and towards spring received engagements to play in both Russian capitals and in several towns in South Russia.

It was curious that after A. B. had resolved to decline any permanent post he received offers of this kind one after another: one from Berlin, a second from St. Petersburg, and a third from Cologne, but he declined them all.

One morning on the breakfast table I saw a letter waiting for my husband addressed in a handwriting quite strange to me. When he entered I showed it to him with the remark that it looked like a business letter and was

probably not interesting. He began reading it, and as he did so interrupted himself to tell me that I was mistaken, and that the letter was anything but tedious.

It was from Sir Charles Hallé and began with the following words: "I do not know if you have heard of me, but I know you very well by name and had the pleasure of hearing you play Brahms' Concerto in London in 1883." The letter was a delightful one and revealed its writer to be a man of high culture and great tact, a man with whom it would probably be a pleasure to deal. He offered Brodsky the post of first teacher in the Royal Manchester College of Music and leader of his orchestra. Before A. B. had time to give a definite reply, a second letter arrived from Sir Charles, and

then a third. A. B. was so pleased with them, that he felt more and more inclined to go to Manchester.

I was not impressed in the same way. In fact we had never disagreed so strongly about anything as we did in this matter. I knew very little of Manchester, hardly more than what I had learnt from my geography. In my imagination it figured as a large smoky place where cotton was very cheap, and where people could not possibly care for music, or have any idea what really serious music meant. I dreaded fresh disappointments like those we had experienced in America, and was sure that A. B. would never get an audience for the music he loved best—his string quartettes.

But Sir Charles was waiting for an answer

and it was necessary to come to some decision. At last my husband persuaded me that there was no risk in going to Manchester for a year's trial, which would show us how we liked the life there. He reminded me of the special feelings of friendship I had always entertained for the English lady students at Leipzig. At last I consented and we went to Manchester.

Here, I think, I must bring my recollections to a close. My friends in Manchester know well how mistaken my anticipations were. They know, also, that this one year of experiment was followed by a succession of years—years of most interesting and gratifying work for A. B., which have made us love the old smoky city.

There are many excellent people all over

the world, but to find, as in Manchester, so many, attractive and kind and good, residing in one and the same place, was a unique experience for us. Our Manchester friends have helped to strengthen my belief in the essential goodness of humanity, and for that alone I shall always feel deeply indebted to them.

A Visit to
Edward Grieg

A Visit to Edward Grieg

“ You must come soon to Troidhaugen if you wish to find me there. Don’t forget I’m over sixty ”—these were Grieg’s words to us when we parted from him in London in May 1906. For more than ten years he had been repeating the same kind invitation, and we had been always intending to go to Norway but had never yet succeeded in doing so; this last invitation, however, was specially emphatic and impressive.

“ The newly-made Doctor *honoris causa*,” he wrote from London on May 29th, 1906, “ cannot leave England without your assurance that you will come to Troidhaugen.”

We promised that we would, but as always

seems to happen in such cases, everything turned contrary.

We already had living with us a gifted pupil of my husband's, Alfred Barker; and now our family was further increased by the arrival of another very gifted boy from New York, Anton Maaskoff, who came to study under my husband. Both boys were most eager to accompany us to Grieg's home and we could not deprive them of such a unique experience. Directly after, a niece arrived from Russia quite unexpectedly. We were now a really large party and we felt we could not accept Grieg's invitation to stay at his house. We wrote to him explaining everything and said that we would take rooms at an hotel in Bergen. Our letter was despatched but crossed a card from him—

“ Dear Friends! Every day we long to have news from you. Are we to have the great pleasure of seeing you here? No! that is not the way to put it. You *must come* and the only question is *when?* We are saving the best weather for you. Everything must be well orchestrated. And what diet does the violin take? Answer! Presto!

Yours,

Edward Grieg.”

A few days later we received another post-card.

“ Dear Friends! You are coming late, but you are coming; and you come with children. Bravo! Bravo! And your niece, Bravo! Bravo! How sorry we are that we are not able to accommodate

all five. At night we must leave you your freedom (I can recommend the Hotel Norge where I always stay), but in the daytime you must be our prey. Thank you again and again for giving us such great pleasure.

Yours,

Edward Grieg."

At the last moment a new difficulty arose, causing a fresh postponement; but at last we found ourselves in the deep well-sheltered harbour of Bergen. Mountains surrounded it on every side; the town itself was old and picturesque, with quaint bright-coloured buildings very characteristic in architecture, which covered the mountain slopes. The abundance of rich vegetation, the contrast this formed with the smooth surface of the sea and the brilliant sun adding a deep

lustre to everything—how can I convey the unique impression it all produced? How it stirred our hearts to think that Grieg and his wife had been born there, and that they loved it all so dearly. Two comfortable carriages took us through the old town; we passed by the fish market, by the old fishermen's huts and those curious buildings which were actually supported on wooden piles in the water. We crossed large squares with stately monuments, and stopped at last before the Hotel Norge—before it the statue of the celebrated violinist, Ole Bull, playing on his violin. No sooner had we crossed the threshold than a telegram was handed to my husband:—"Please wait for me in the hotel. I shall be with you directly. Sorry I could not come to the steamer.—Grieg."

We went to the beautiful rooms prepared, but before we had time to remove our outdoor things we heard footsteps and saw Grieg approach, smiling as he came. He embraced my husband in his hearty way and then myself repeating again and again "Willkommen." Then turning to my niece, who stood shyly at my side, he asked, "Is this your niece?" And hearing it was, embraced her with the same warmth he had shown to his old friends. This was Grieg all over. My niece had been feeling very shy, and I myself had been wondering if we were not too many, for I knew how delicate and nervous Grieg was; but the affectionate welcome given to her was most encouraging; it put us all at our ease and made us feel happy at once. Soon after our boys entered the room,

and were received just as warmly. As soon as the first greetings and enquiries were over Grieg told us that we must make ready to start, for he had ordered carriages to take us all to his house. Half-an-hour later a large four-seated landau and a special two-seated Norwegian carriol appeared at the door of the hotel.

The weather was the finest imaginable, with a blue sky and brilliant sunshine, which showed the wonderful scenery at its best. We soon left the town and drove along a country road, through fields and green meadows; the hills and mountains were covered with beautiful villas, and Grieg was never tired of explaining to us all we saw.

“ See how the peasants dry their hay and corn on the hedges and on sticks they put up

for that purpose; they have a hard struggle with the climate, which does not favour agriculture, and they are very poor—our peasants have a hard life” he said sympathetically. Then again: “Look at that house on the hill! I spent my childhood there, and the houses where Nina and I were born are still standing in the town.” He spoke of the present politics of Norway, of the last visit of the German Emperor, and how he and his wife had been to meet him at the house of a wealthy Norwegian who was a patron of music. He told us how kind the Emperor had been to the Norwegian peasants after their recent disaster and how generously he had helped them.

We left the road and turned into a narrow thoroughfare, and soon saw a notice to this

effect: "Edward Grieg wishes not to be disturbed until four o'clock in the afternoon." As we looked at it Grieg remarked "There was a time when that notice was necessary." I did not quite understand him, but I imagine that it was an allusion to the fact that he writes very much less now and therefore it is less important for him to be undisturbed. Our carriage entered the gate and then stopped, and we saw before us Grieg's house surrounded with trees.

In a moment Nina Grieg stood by the carriage; she was dressed very simply and enveloped in a large Norwegian apron, white and embroidered; her curly hair was uncovered, and she had a most kind and sunny smile on her delightful face. She was still welcoming us when a lady, who very closely

resembled her, appeared at the house door. This lady was Madame Grieg's sister. We knew her well and had often heard news of her, so we greeted her warmly.

We left our outdoor garments in the hall, which was very simple and contained but little furniture. Grieg and his wife took us into the drawing-room—a large square room—with walls, floor and ceiling all made of light wood beautifully polished; it was a background which showed up finely the many pictures—exquisite pictures by well-known artists, handsomely framed. The most conspicuous object in the room was a fine marble bust of Björnson, Grieg's intimate friend. By the wall stood an open piano with a long music-seat in front. How it pleased us to think that it was here Grieg so often sat and played.

There was a large glass door wide open which led to the verandah. Sunlight flooded the room and I was charmed by its brightness and interest. My attention was specially attracted by a portrait in oils, which represented Grieg sitting at the piano playing his own compositions, and his wife standing beside him singing. Their attitudes were very natural and their expressions wonderfully portrayed; they seemed as if inspired and far from the world, and we could scarcely tear our eyes from the picture. Grieg explained that it was the work of a celebrated Danish artist, P. G. Krøyer, who had painted it without their knowledge. While we were still contemplating it we were summoned to dinner and we heard Nina Grieg say plaintively, "Edward! just think, I could not get

any fish!" "What!" he cried, "A Norwegian dinner without fish!" and amid merry laughter we entered the adjoining dining-room.

Grieg took his place at one end of the table and asked my husband and myself to sit next to him on either side. His hospitality was hearty and unaffected; his wife smiled kindly as she rose from her place and went round the table serving us and helping her maid; it all reminded us of Russian simplicity and made us feel happy and at home. No one could be further removed than Grieg from any kind of affectation; he and his wife were both perfectly natural and candid, and all who entered their presence felt compelled to become the same.

When the meal was over the children went

into the garden and the rest of us on the verandah, where we enjoyed the delicious coffee which had been prepared by Madame Grieg and which she handed round amid delightful conversation. Among other things my husband reminded Grieg of his promise to write another string quartette. Grieg in reply, told us of his poor health and how sleepless he became as soon as he began to compose. We told him that he appeared younger than ever and full of life and enthusiasm and we thought that his composing might help him to be better in health and still happier. He listened to us with a smile and a kindly expression in his beautiful blue eyes. Then he retired to his room for a rest and Madame Grieg took us round the garden. She showed us a little solitary summer-house

where Grieg used to write when he was stronger; it was furnished with shelves for manuscripts, a large table by the window, and an upright piano; the quiet was delightful, and broken only by the singing of birds. She took us next to the shore of the deep fjord, where we could see the many small islands scattered over its surface. There was a boat moored at the edge and our boys took the oars and had a row.

When Grieg returned to us he took his place at the piano, and Madame Grieg asked if we might have Schumann's violin Sonata, saying how much she and Grieg both loved Schumann's music; my husband responded with enthusiasm, but said he would prefer to play Grieg's own Sonata, and so it was arranged. My husband piled up some books

on the piano to serve as a music stand and they played Grieg's Sonata in C Minor, the two boys turning the pages, Alfred for Grieg, and Anton for my husband; they were both pale with excitement and delight, and when they glanced at me in the corner where I sat, their eyes were burning with admiration. To hear Grieg's beautiful Sonata, in Norway, under his own roof, near the beautiful fjords with their picturesque islands covered with birch trees, was indeed a wonderful experience. After each movement of the Sonata Grieg and Nina gave expression to their delight, and at the end she shook my husband's hand, Grieg embraced him and we were all happy. So with music our first unforgettable day at Troidhaugen came to a close.

Grieg had planned that we should all spend the next day together in the beautiful country near Bergen, and the arrangements for this picnic he took wholly upon himself. Next morning after breakfast two large landaus stood at the hotel door. Grieg's party came by train and we started out before eleven, favoured by the same gloriously fine weather.

We paused at several shops, where Madame Grieg bought fruit and other things for our picnic; then we left the town and began to ascend a wide, winding road bordered on both sides by beautiful villas and gardens; we looked back and saw the view of the town and neighbourhood open out before our eyes, the panorama became ever wider and grander, and we reached the

well-known restaurant of Flöistuen, picturesquely perched on a hill. Here we left the carriages, and slowly mounted another steep road. There were no villas now, and no habitations of any kind or gay gardens. Nature became more and more stern, more and more wild and barren. Watching Grieg as he walked on, brisk and active, talking all the time in his liveliest way, I could not but rejoice in his renewed health. Only once he was out of breath and sat on a stone for rest. We climbed for more than an hour, and then reached a high plateau composed almost entirely of huge bare rocks with hardly any vegetation. The view opened out in all directions, the wide sea behind the harbour, with its variously shaped islands and deeply indented fjords; the mountains had strange

fantastic forms; on some of them the snow gleamed white, and far below us we saw the town of Bergen, at our feet were stony slopes and deep ravines. We halted on this terrace; Madame Grieg unpacked her refreshments and made us take our seats on the stones—a huge one serving as a table. The bottles were uncorked and glasses produced from our pockets, a white napkin was spread, and amid jokes and laughter, the clinking of glasses, and the crying of “Sköl,” our health was drunk. Grieg and my husband remained sitting, admiring the beautiful panorama, but the rest of us dispersed in different directions. We gathered the cotton-grass and strange mosses, stopping now and again to look at the view. In this way the morning passed.

Grieg insisted that we must leave no signs

of our picnic to spoil the beautiful spot, and before we started back all the papers and empty bottles were pocketed amid much merriment.

As we returned we sat down several times to rest; Grieg often spoke of his love for this beautiful country, and repeated again and again that this place was his real home.

When we reached Flöistuen we were shown into a separate room. Grieg had ordered a dinner for us by telephone. The table was prettily decorated with flowers and an excellent dinner served.

We took the coffee in a large adjoining hall ornamented with nice photographs, and Norwegian peasant work of different kinds.

Later on, when the carriages came, we drove back by another route and passed the

cemetery where Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist was buried. Grieg spoke of Ole Bull as one whom he had greatly admired, both as a man and an artist; he spoke of his great popularity in Norway, and said he had never witnessed anything more touching than his funeral, attended by a multitude of people who seemed to feel his death as a personal loss.

When we reached our hotel Grieg was tired, so we persuaded him to have supper with us before he returned home. He consented and we improvised a light supper in our room, our boys acting as waiters. We had to promise to come to the Griegs on the following day in Troidhaugen.

The weather was again fine from morning till night. Grieg met us at the station and

we all walked together, the boys carrying their violins as it had been arranged that they should play to Grieg. It was such a peaceful day. We already felt at home in Trolldhaugen and walked about the house looking at pictures and photographs, visiting the rooms upstairs with their beautiful view over the fjords. In this way time passed until dinner and we assembled round the hospitable table with its snow-white cloth and pretty roses; everyone present seemed so bright and happy; our conversation turned on all kinds of topics—music, people, nature, bygone days and mutual experiences; we spoke, among other things, of the Leipsig period of our life. I had such a strong feeling that we were experiencing something quite unique, something unforgettable, that I rose to my feet

and begged them to listen to what was in my heart, and I spoke in German as follows :—

“ I feel, dear friends, that I must thank you, not for your hospitality, but for something much more precious.

“ You both possess, Grieg as well as Nina, a most wonderful gift of kindling love in others. I know so many people who feel for you this strong, warm love. Tschaikovsky loved you dearly; he could never speak of you save in the most warm and affectionate terms. We feel just the same. There is nothing in the world which can be compared to such pure love; we know of nothing higher! When we hear really beautiful music or when we feel such a love as this we are assured that something really perfect exists, something higher than

this life of ours, for which it is worth while living. It is for this strong feeling of love which you kindle in us that I thank you so much."

When I had finished speaking Nina Grieg's eyes were fixed on me, and I saw them filled with tears. My husband rose from his seat, he was at my side in a moment, and I heard him say, "You have spoken as if you read my heart." Grieg said to him, "You have a good interpreter," and then to me, "Next time I write my music I will think of you!"

Our last meal concluded most harmoniously. Soon after a photographer, ordered by Grieg, arrived from Bergen. It was touching to see how anxious Grieg was that the man should be well received. Before he had time to arrive he repeatedly asked

Madame Grieg whether she had prepared some refreshment. The photographer appeared in the garden accompanied by his wife and a boy, who came to help. Grieg went to meet them, and shook hands, with a kind word for each. Obviously touched by this reception the photographer and his party did their very best, and the results were three successful groups of the Griegs and ourselves.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in music. First our boys played to Grieg, Alfred Barker played the 1st movement of the Mendelssohn Concerto, Grieg accompanying him, and Anton Maaskoff two movements of a Bach Sonata for solo violin. Grieg was delighted, he praised them very warmly and enraptured them by writing a piece of music for each in their albums. This



[Photo by Otto Borgen, Bergen.

was a source of great encouragement to them and joy to us, for we loved the boys as if they were our own children.

Then Grieg and my husband played Grieg's first and second Sonatas and we listened breathlessly. How the time flew!

The parting now had arrived, and since we wished to make it memorable with something especially beautiful we asked Nina Grieg to sing us one of her husband's songs—one of those she liked the very best. After some reflection she stood erect, her head a little thrown back, her hands lightly clasped together. She sang and Grieg sat at the piano and played the accompaniment; at that moment they were indeed one; only real inspiration could have produced what they gave us, and we listeners were also at one with

them. She sang Grieg's "The Hope," and how can I put in words all that we felt during that wonderful performance? Music begins where words end, and therefore no words can express what we felt. A wonderful pulse seemed to beat through it—a pulse of life strong enough to arouse hope in the dreariest pessimist. We sat entranced as the last chord sounded, and then afterwards gave expression to our feelings of delight. Grieg shared our opinion that his wife sang marvellously well.

"You have inspired her," he said. "Nothing is so inspiring as truly sympathetic listeners, and when she is inspired she can still sing." We had not much time to express our feelings, since, if we intended to catch the train to Bergen, we must start for the

station. We were already in the hall when my husband asked Grieg if he might go to the kitchen to say "Good-bye" to the servants. Grieg was delighted and took us both to the beautifully clean and lofty kitchen where we found the cook and the housemaid at their supper. We shook hands with each, my husband gave them a parting present; as for myself I longed to say something they could understand and since I knew no other Norwegian but the words with which one of Grieg's most popular songs begins I told them "Ei elskode"—which means "I love you." They understood and smiled. So we took leave of the house, our dear hosts accompanying us; we had intended to say "Good-bye" at the station itself, but they insisted on coming to Bergen.

Next morning when preparations for our journey were complete, the Grieg party came to the hotel. Grieg took us to a restaurant to lunch, and then we all walked to the station, where a touching parting took place. There was no end of farewell greetings and expressions of gratitude to our dear friends for the happy time they had given us. It was hard to part, but it had to be, and unfortunately it was for ever—we never saw Edward Grieg again. He died just a year afterwards in Bergen.

Grieg's ashes, according to his wish, were buried deep in a rock carved for the purpose, a rock that stands out in the fjord opposite his house. Sea-birds visit the spot and the sea-waves dash around it.





